

The ^{Large} Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER • 1953

UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN

OCT 28 1953

PERIODICAL
READING ROOM

Australia
R. G. MENZIES

Tales of Deer
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Loss Leaders?
(Debate-of-the-Month)



HARLAN HATCHER
UNIVERSITY OF MICH
ANN ARBOR MICH



Ever wonder

why The Rotarian Magazine has such
a high readership rating? You'll find
the answer in the table of contents . . .
with such big name writers as Winston
Churchill, Andre Maurois, Chas. F.
Kettering, Maria Montessori, Dale
Carnegie . . . and plenty of others.

When you consider that there
are 301,885* of these readers . . .
and that they are all upper bracket
executives . . . you begin to see
why more and more advertisers
are finding The Rotarian
a mighty good place to spread
the gospel about their products.

The
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35 E. WACKER DR., CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*301,885 net paid ABC, June, 1953

Down in Latin America there are 31,467 (ABC)
more of these men. They read
Revista Rotaria—the Spanish
language counterpart

Your Letters

A Poetic Salute

From MAURICE P. BARCOCK, *Rotarian Farmer*
Springfield, South Dakota

I salute the debate-of-the-month for September, *Should Cities Go into the Parking Business?*, with the following poem:

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The wagon squealed its westward way
With loud discordant groan.
The oxen, treading roundelay,
Were lean and lank and roan.

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Decatur, Alabama

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Blackstone, Massachusetts

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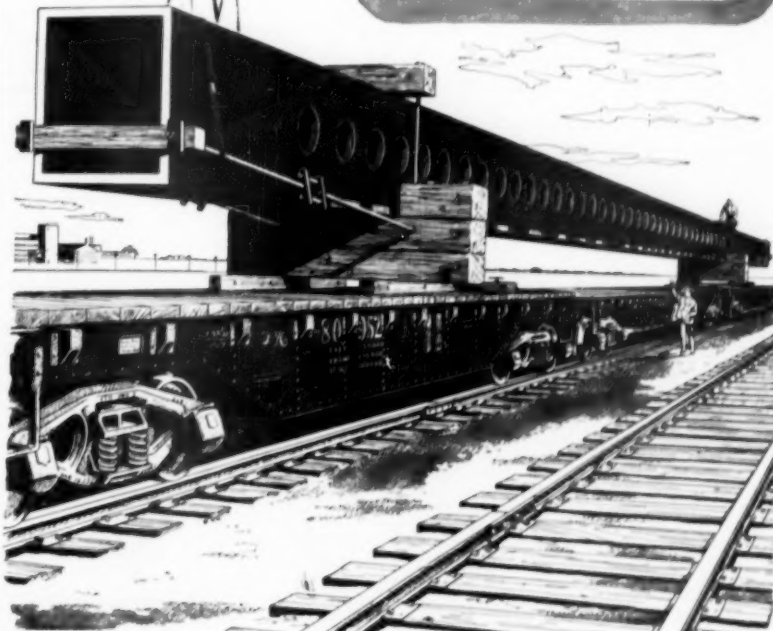
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East Rainelle, West Virginia

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IF IT'S MOVEABLE, WE'LL MOVE IT!

**You're on the
Right Road
when you
ship
WABASH**



140 feet of trouble . . . that's what this steel column looked like to Continental Foundry and Machine Co., the manufacturer, and to Aluminum Company of America, the consignee, when the problem of shipping it arose. But with "kid-glove" handling by Wabash, the 125-ton brute was delivered as uneventfully as the morning mail.

Your shipping problem may be entirely different (most everyone's is!), but when you let Wabash handle it, you can breathe easier for two big reasons. First, Wabash has successfully moved a wide variety of "difficult" shipments.

And second, among shippers generally, Wabash enjoys an excellent reputation for dependable performance.

Let Wabash handle it! Ask your Wabash representative!

P. A. SPIEGELBERG
Freight Traffic Manager
St. Louis 1, Mo.

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PAGES

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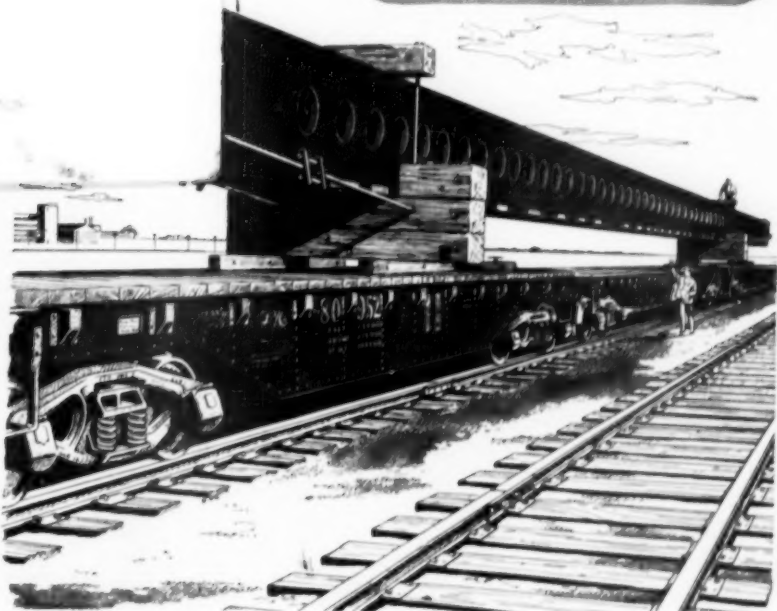
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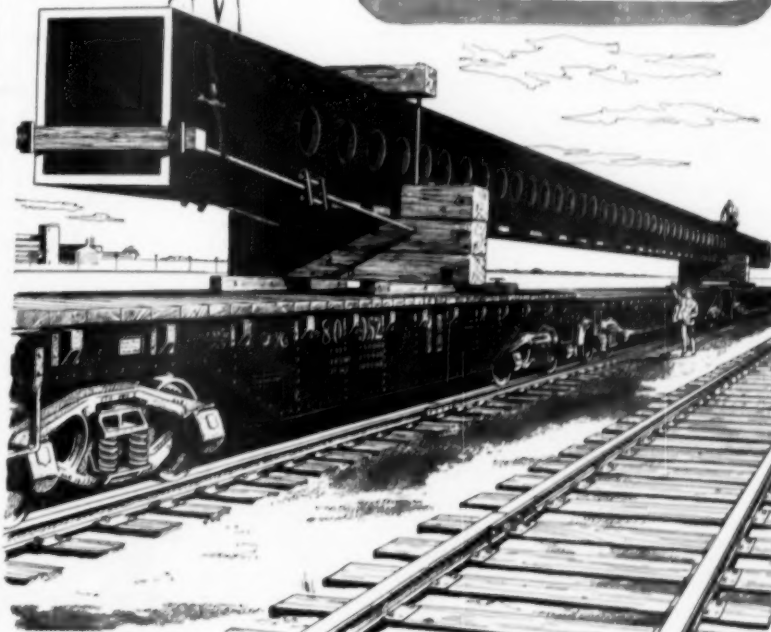
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the boat with the oar locks practically 12 inches below the knees?

3. Where on earth could you find a man with hands this size?

4. How would a man this size get into a boat like this without drawing more water (see back of boat) except it be sitting on a rock?

5. How do fishermen fish with the guide on one side of the rod and the reel on the other?

Limit to Poetic License

Believes BULKELEY SMITH, Rotarian
Factory Mgr., Tube-Bending Co.
New Haven, Connecticut

[Re: Cover illustration of THE ROTARIAN for September.]

Please refer to anyone who ever was interested in boat handling and safety and he will tell you that except away up at the heads of the creeks and the rivers, all oarlocks are unshipped and stored inboard when not in use, and all oars are similarly stored inboard—and, if the rower has a trace of manners, with the blades forward.

That rowlock would certainly scar the side of any craft or dock alongside. And any sudden wave would easily roll that oar overboard. A boatman without both oars is almost as helpless as a sailor without his knife.

I'll go a long way with you in sanctioning some poetic license, but not when proper procedure, manners, and safety are concerned.

Re: Dewey Decimal System

By STUART PERRY, Rotarian
City Librarian
Wellington, New Zealand

Some comment should be made, I feel, on Arthur E. Gropp's article in THE ROTARIAN for October, *Key to Knowledge Turns South*, in which the author gives a brief biography of the late Melvil Dewey, the brilliant but eccentric genius whose valuable pioneer work in library classification has done so much for libraries in English-speaking countries, but has nevertheless caused generations of library classifiers to wail and tear their hair over its inadequacies. One would not want to minimize Dewey's achievements, but a balanced picture would give these additional facts:

1. Dewey was by no means the first to attempt to classify knowledge. Some readers will recall the efforts of Sir Francis Bacon and some others in that direction.

2. The American Library of Congress is one of the institutions which has decided that the Dewey system is inadequate for a large collection of material and has devised, by empirical methods, its own system.

3. There are, in fact, some five or six main systems in use today. Students of classification are required to examine each of these, and Dewey is certainly not the most convenient one.

4. The reason the Dewey system is so prevalent is because he undertook his "simple little task" when he did. The undergraduate achievement, fine though it was, and developed as it has been since, would scarcely have survived if a

change could have been brought about later without the expenditure of probably some millions of dollars to reclassify and re-mark all the books in Dewey-classified libraries.

5. The most notable modern writer on the subject, Dr. H. E. Bliss, whose own classification is in my opinion easily the simplest and most logical, is particularly scathing about the Dewey system, especially in its disjointed, illogical, and inconvenient 300 class, and practical classifiers agree with him.

6. In my own country of New Zealand, when the library of the University of Otago came to organize its collection, the very distinguished librarian then in charge decided upon Bliss, and the system has proved to be wonderfully convenient even in the absence of more complete tables.

In an article such as Mr. Gropp's, not written for a professional audience, one can understand the omission of this background material, but to the professional librarian it would be interesting to know how fully investigation was made of other systems before the decision to use Dewey's was taken.

Tall-Corn Harvest

Related by JOHN A. MACLACHLAN
Rotarian
Publisher, Sidney Record-Enterprise
Sidney, New York

When Thanksgiving comes this year, there will be many scenes in the homes of Sidney Rotarians like the one shown in the accompanying photo. Taken last Thanksgiving Day, it shows Harry Walton, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Sidney, carving a turkey. He and his



A Thanksgiving scene in 1952 that will have its parallel in 1953 (see letter).

wife are entertaining Ruth Hanka, of Germany, and Kioshi Ito, of Japan—two of the 25 students representing 21 different nationalities who were invited from Cornell University to spend the holidays in the homes of Sidney Rotarians.

How did this all come about? As a result of reading an article in THE ROTARIAN for April, 1952. Many readers will remember it: It was titled *Making Friends Where the Tall Corn Grows*. The article made a deep impression on me, for it told how the Rotary Club of Osage, Iowa, for four days had a group of 44 students from 18 countries as their guests. They were from the State University of Iowa. I called the attention of my fellow Sidney Rotarians to the article, and, as so often happens when someone makes [Continued on page 57]

THE ROTARIAN

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

PRESIDENT. While pressmen were "making ready" on this issue, President Joaquin Serratosa Cibils and his wife, Sofia, were travelling by motorcar in Italy, visiting Rotary Clubs off main thoroughfares. Behind them were Rotary visits in France, Luxemburg, Portugal, and Switzerland; ahead of them was an itinerary that carried far into November, with more Rotary visits in Europe, North Africa, the eastern Mediterranean region, Asia, and islands in the Pacific. Early reports from the President tell of warm receptions given him and his wife, and of the vigor of Rotary in the regions visited....Among Presidential goals for the year: five new Clubs in each District.

MEETINGS. 1955 Convention Committee.....Nov. 16-18.....Chicago
Executive Committee.....Nov. 23-24.....Chicago
Constitution and By-Laws Committee.....Nov. 30-Dec. 1.....Chicago

MEETING CHANGE. Earlier action of Rotary's Board set May 25-June 1 as dates for the 1954 International Assembly at the Lake Placid Club, Essex County, N. Y. More recent action extended the Assembly one day by changing the dates to May 24-June 1. The site remains the same.

DISASTERS. In India and Greece recent disasters left thousands of victims in dire need. From V. Bhadri Raju, of Dharwar, India, Governor of District 54, has come an account of the flooded Godavary River area in Hyderabad State. He reports that the Rotary Club of Bezwada, India, is giving central control to relief work for flood sufferers and that Rotary Clubs desiring to aid may send blankets, clothes, food, and cash there. In Greece, where an early morning earthquake left 100,000 homeless on islands off the country's western shores, the Rotary Club of Athens is helping to channel relief needs—food, clothing, cash—sent the victims. Clubs wishing to help may do so by sending their contributions to Athens.

HOLIDAYS. As the holiday season is just around the corner for Clubs in many parts of the world, this annual reminder is timely: Instead of cancelling a meeting that falls on a holiday, hold it the day before or the day after. A meeting canceled because it occurs on the day of a holiday is not counted in calculating attendance.

GOVERNOR. To fill the office of Governor of District 198, left vacant by the resignation of A. Claypool Daugherty, of Mount Vernon, Mo., President Serratosa Cibils has appointed Ben N. Saltzman, of Mountain Home, Ark., as Acting Governor. A change in his business caused Rotarian Daugherty's resignation.

FOUNDATION FACT. Announced recently was the total amount of contributions to the Rotary Foundation for 1952-53. The figure: \$274,168. For the amount contributed so far this year and the number of Clubs that have donated \$10 or more per member, see page 60.

VITAL STATISTICS. On September 25 there were 7,903 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 375,000 Rotarians in 88 countries and geographical regions of the world. New Clubs since July 1, 1953, totalled 65.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors' WORKSHOP

ONE DAY two years ago the Right Honorable Robert G(ordon) Menzies addressed a large conference of Rotarians in Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. Explaining that he would eschew the discussion of partisan politics, as is the Rotary tradition, he hastened to add this: "I am a great believer in party politics inside my own land, because there we are arguing with each other as to how we shall live. But when we come to defense and foreign policy, we are not discussing how we shall live, but whether we are to live at all. . . ." How the growing nation of Australia is trying to assure its future life by some unusual international coöperation Prime Minister Menzies tells in these pages. We think you might like to know that Mr. Menzies wrote this article in precious oddments of time on train trips—and that he wrote it especially and solely for you, Mr. Rotarian. We are as pleased and honored to present him as were the conference planners there in Ballarat.

INTERESTING-FACT DEPT. The home postal and cable address of President Joaquin Serratosa Cibils—who, as reported one page back, is currently touring Europe—is ROTARYGO. He registered it in 1937 when he became a District Governor there in his native Uruguay, and spark-plugged the launching of many new Clubs. As keen for more Clubs as he ever was, the President has urged each of the 212 Governors around the world to shoot for five new Clubs in his District. ROTARYGO, in short, is still good.

IT HAS BEEN said more than once that if the classification principle is the cornerstone of Rotary, then fellowship is the cement—the fellowship of men on Main Street, the world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service. Rotary is stressing that fact in what it calls World Fellowship Week in Rotary. To our many readers who will receive this issue just before that Week arrives (October 18-24) we offer this last-minute reminder of its coming and suggest they turn back to the October issue for a rereading of the Presidential Proclamation on the Week.

OUR SCRATCHPAD MAN notes that the Rotary Club of Rochester, New York, has a good many other projects besides the large and exemplary one he reports. One we remember from about five years ago was a Rotary speakers service the Club provided. In a mimeographed brochure it listed every member of the Club

and a topic on which he might address other Clubs in the District. We haven't thought to ask what became of the project. Whatever did, the fact remains that Rotary Clubs are rich sources of expert speaker talent. A sharing of it among neighboring Clubs should prove mutually enjoyable. . . . Reminds us of a fine stunt just sprung by the Illinois Institute of Technology in our town. In a booklet distributed rather liberally it lists every member of its instructional staff, names his specialty, and suggests the subject he might speak on if invited. . . . This is all public relations of Class A order.

NOVEMBER 11 will come and at 11 o'clock in the morning the town whistles will blow and the folks here will drop their pencils, proofs, and conversations and rise to their feet and face east. For one minute, while the whistles hoot on, they will try to think of the meaning of the day and what it cost. It won't be easy, even with the example of another armistice right upon us. A minute isn't very long, yet better than nothing. And we shall stand and be quiet when the whistles blow.



Our Cover

IT SHOWS a boom man poling fir logs at a lumber mill in the State of Washington. When editors who were raised in the Corn Belt ask what a boom is, they learn that, no, it's not that peavey the man is holding; a boom is an arrangement of stationary logs in a log pond which forms rectangles of water in which logs are sorted, checked, graded, and stored at the mill. The boom man pushes the logs around, finally snakes them up to the bull chain which leads to the big saw. You will see him in many a Western lake and river in the big timber when you visit Seattle for Rotary's 1954 Convention next June. The Weyerhaeuser timber people helpfully lent us the transparency.—Eos.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

During World War II, ALFRED R. LATEINER trained 6,000 U. S. Navy shipyard supervisors in good foremanship. An industrial-management consultant, he is now supervisor of in-plant training courses at the City College of New York, N. Y. His book *How to Be a Good Boss* was published last month by the National Foreman's Institute, and bespeaks his "life-long effort to try to improve the American boss." He likes to oil-paint and cook.



Lateiner

As managing editor of *The Voice of St. Jude*, DONALD J. THORMAN spends many hours at his office typewriter. Then, at the end of his editorial day, he turns to his home typewriter to work as a free-lance writer. In between office and home writing sessions, he finds time to teach sociology at Loyola University in Chicago. An ex-U. S. Marine with degrees from DePaul and Loyola Universities, he is now working for his Ph.D.



Thorman

When HOWARD D. KRAMER wrote his article on India's Shabash plow and the Rotarian who invented it, he was teaching American history at the University of Allahabad as a Fulbright Professor. He is an Ohioan.

In Seattle, Wash., where Rotary will hold its 1954 Convention, ROTARIAN ROYAL BROUGHAM is associate editor of the *Post-Intelligencer*, columnist, and radio and TV commentator. He joined the paper in 1911 as a reporter. A few years ago he was named "Seattle's First Citizen" for his civic contributions. Married, he has a daughter, ALICE MAY.



Brougham

In his native South Carolina, ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE lives on his plantation, "Hampton," and writes poetry and prose that have won him international fame. Long head of the English department at Mercersburg Academy, he has written more than 50 volumes of poetry, prose, and Nature studies. He is the poet laureate of South Carolina, and has received a literary award for the "best Nature writing in America."

A Tucson, Ariz., Rotarian, LELAND D. CASE is a former Editor of this Magazine.

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IN THIS ISSUE

VOLUME LXXXIII

NOVEMBER, 1953

NUMBER 5

This Rotary Month	3
Plymouth Remembered	DONALD T. WELCH 6
More Food for More People	7
Australia	ROBERT G. MENZIES 8
The Case of the Elder Citizen	DONALD J. THORMAN .. 12
'Shabash' Means 'Well Done'	HOWARD D. KRAMER .. 15
Yes, Dear	17
Electronics for a Quicker Education	18
Tales of Deer	ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE .. 20
Mountain of Iron	LELAND D. CASE 23
Are You a Good Boss?	ALFRED R. LATEINER .. 26
Titans of Timber	ROYAL BROUGHAM 29
Annual Report	THE SCRATCHPAD MAN .. 32
Loss Leaders? (Debate)	36
Alan P. Brander, Rilea W. Doe, Willis C. Dice, Marshall Nicholson, Sidney H. Woodcock, J. Grant Howard, Bernard J. Bush, R. A. Wagner, Henry C. Heal, James D. O'Hara	
Peeps at Things to Come	HILTON IRA JONES 39
Speaking of Books	JOHN T. FREDERICK 40
Otto and His Horn	HOWARD R. CLARK 54
Other Features and Departments:	
Your Letters	1
The Editors' Workshop	4
Table Tips for Rotarians	14
In the Name of a Hero	16
Autumn	22
Rotary in Brazil	25
Human Nature Put to Work	28
Rotary Grove	30
Personalia	43
Rotary Reporter	44
Take a Page from Crescents	47
Canada	47
You Can Count on Them!	48
Opinion	55
Rotary Foundation	60
Contributions	60
Hobby Hitching Post	62
Stripped Gears	64



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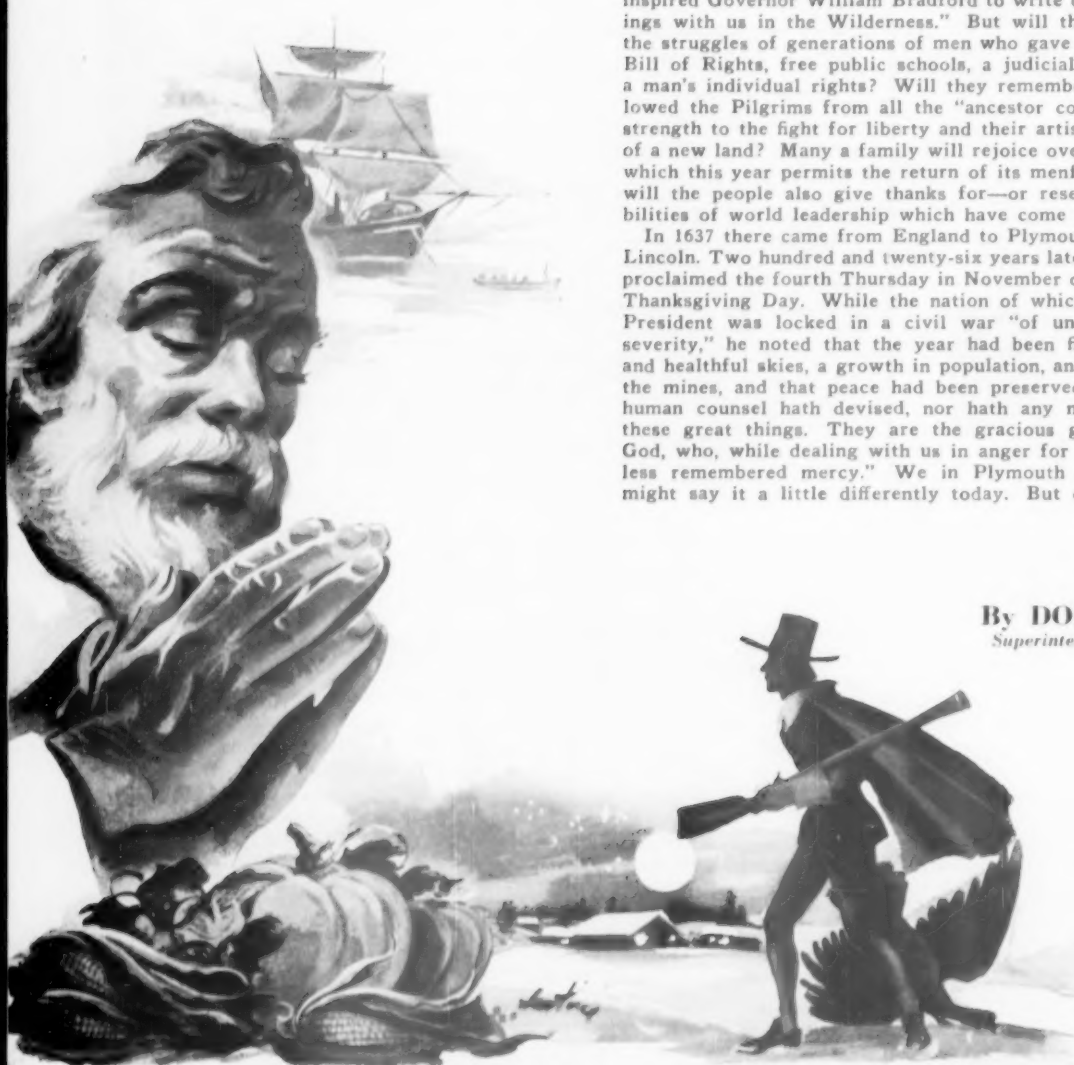
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Plymouth Remembered

Illustration by James Lentine



LESS than a year had passed since the little company of "about a hundred sowles" had left their tiny shallop in the bay and walked up a Wintry beach marked by a large boulder to start life over in a wild and strange new world. In that first Winter, pneumonia, scurvy, and tuberculosis had put half the band in graves on Cole's Hill. But Summer had come and its fine weather had brought better health and spirit to those who were left. The men had been able to build 11 houses, and their wives (only five of the original 18 had survived) had learned to cook the game that abounded in the woods, brooks, and sea. Peace had been made with the Indians so that one could now walk "as peaceably and safely in the woods as on the highways in England." Though the crops had been disappointing, still there would be food enough. It therefore seemed meet to the little company that it should in a special way thank God for his blessings. How the Pilgrim fathers then held a three-day Harvest Festival in that Autumn of 1621 and invited 90 friendly Indians to join them in their rejoicing and festivities is a story beloved by generation after generation of school children across my land. It was the first Thanksgiving Day in America.

The rock is still here on the beach and Cole's Hill still rises back of it—but Plymouth has changed some in 332 years; cordage factories roar where the maize patch grew and autos glide along where moc-casins padded. Yet the 13,000 people of my town—and their 160 million countrymen—will stop on the last Thursday of this month to mark another Thanksgiving Day. With family feasts before them and warm homes around them, they will sense how abundant are their material blessings, how meager were those of the 1620s which nevertheless inspired Governor William Bradford to write of "God's Merciful Dealings with us in the Wilderness." But will they also give thanks for the struggles of generations of men who gave such precious gifts as a Bill of Rights, free public schools, a judicial system that safeguards a man's individual rights? Will they remember the millions who followed the Pilgrims from all the "ancestor continents" and lent their strength to the fight for liberty and their artistry to the beautification of a new land? Many a family will rejoice over the cessation of battle which this year permits the return of its menfolk from far places, but will the people also give thanks for—or resent—the heavy responsibilities of world leadership which have come to their nation?

In 1637 there came from England to Plymouth a man named Samuel Lincoln. Two hundred and twenty-six years later one of his descendants proclaimed the fourth Thursday in November of that year as a national Thanksgiving Day. While the nation of which Abraham Lincoln was President was locked in a civil war "of unequalled magnitude and severity," he noted that the year had been filled with fruitful fields and healthful skies, a growth in population, and great outpouring from the mines, and that peace had been preserved with all nations. "No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy." We in Plymouth and other modern men might say it a little differently today. But could we say it better?

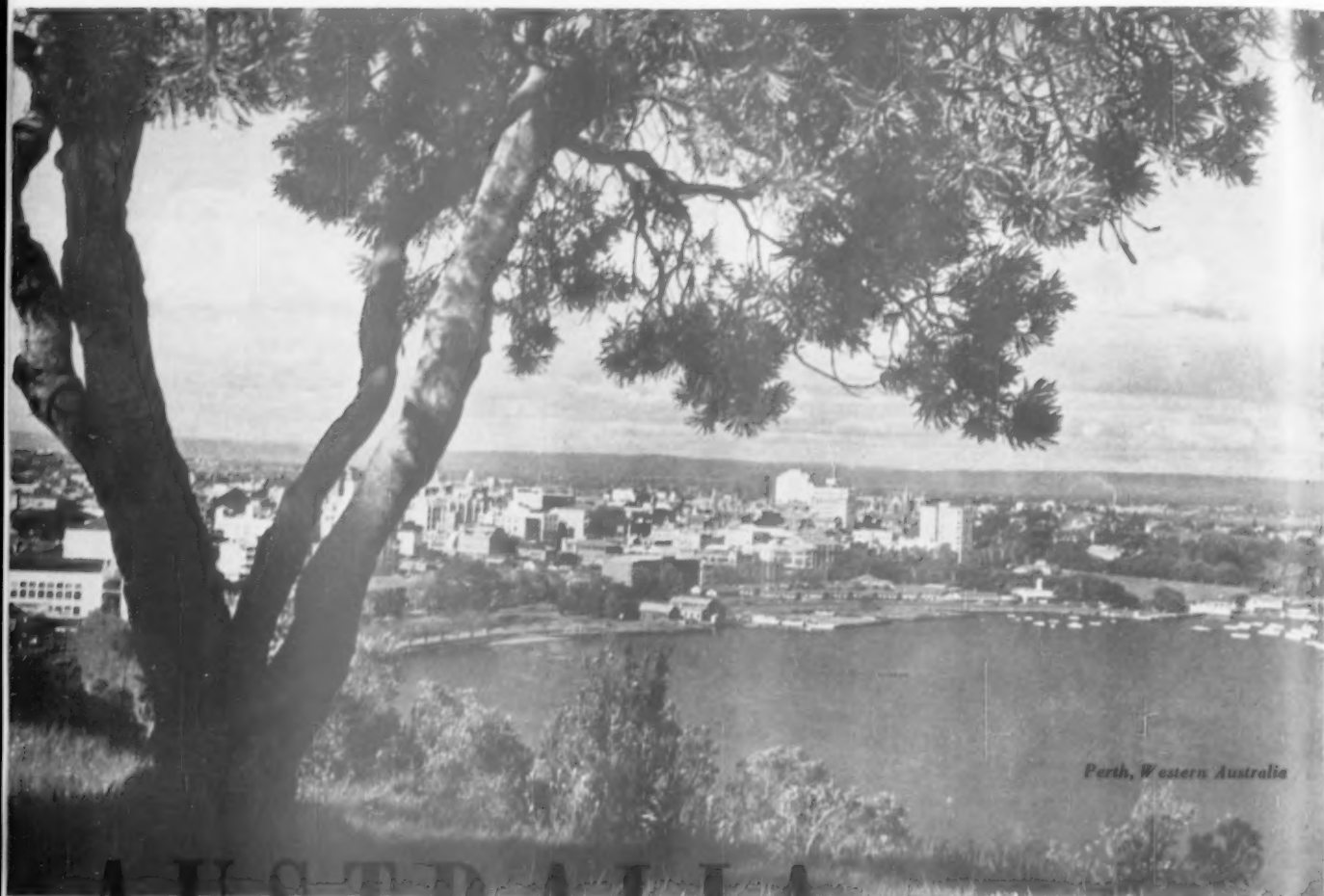
By DONALD T. WELCH
*Superintendent of Schools; Rotarian,
Plymouth, Mass.*

More Food for More People



THAT is the over-all gist of this conversation—more food for more people. The setting is a farm in Victoria, Australia. The turbaned young man in the driver's seat is from India and is enrolled at the University of Melbourne. His friend is an Australian agricultural expert. The tractor is the invention of a well-known Briton named Harry Ferguson. The Rotary Club of Melbourne set this scene.

To arrange hospitality in Australian homes for the many young Asians studying in Victoria, Melbourne Rotarians set up a special Committee. Working well, the Committee went on to bring together educators, the visiting students, and Harry Ferguson of Australia Pty. Ltd., on its proposal that the tractor makers and the educators set up a special training school for Asian and Colombo Plan students. The proposal carried, and a dozen fine, intelligent youths from many lands spent two full weeks on this stretch of Australian farm land—learning modern methods of working the soil. It cost them not a cent. The results may never be assessed, but they should be "More food for more people." . . . For another report on Australia please turn the page.



Perth, Western Australia

AUSTRALIA

*How this land of 8 million
fits harmoniously in both
Commonwealth and 'Anzus.'*

WHEN Queen Elizabeth the Second was crowned at Westminster Abbey, Australians were among the multitude who cried, in traditional fashion:

God save Queen Elizabeth!
Long live Queen Elizabeth!
May the Queen live forever!

For the lovely young Elizabeth is not only Queen of the United Kingdom. She is also Queen of Australia, and the Head of the Commonwealth, to which none are more proud to belong than Australians.

For any understanding of Australia, and of its policies in the world, an appreciation of Australia's relationship to the British Crown is essential. If you are to have any sort of effective organ-

ization, whether it be an association of individual human beings, or of aggregates of human beings, it is good to have a central figure who symbolizes an ideal, and who unifies the sometimes extraordinarily diverse elements in the association over which he presides.

In the person of the young Elizabeth, the British Commonwealth possesses such a leader. It may well be that without the gifted and exemplary Royal Family to which she belongs, the Commonwealth in its present form would not today exist. For the tremendous changes in the character of the old British Empire that have

taken place in the past generation could hardly have occurred smoothly or successfully without monarchs of exceptional wisdom and vision upon the British Throne.

We who are members of this unique family of nations owe it in great measure first to King George V, secondly to King George VI, and now, today, to Elizabeth the Second that neither the tides of modern nationalism nor changing economic and political balances have been allowed to sweep away into history the tried constitutional structure which the world still knows and respects as the British Commonwealth.

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

By ROBERT G. MENZIES

Prime Minister of Australia

For members of that Commonwealth, the person of the Queen still embodies a sense of common history, common experience, common understanding, common interest. She is the symbol of spiritual ideals which transcend the doctrine of specific religious faiths. She stands for service. She gives service. She inspires service. And with all this, she is the symbol of the complete freedom and independence of all the nations which acknowledge her as their Head. She is the unity in their diversities. She is the agent through which they can come together to take advantage of their many agreements, and to proclaim that the differences among them

which are unavoidable are not yet so great as to warrant the destruction of their association.

I myself believe that the Commonwealth in its modern form has already survived the worst stresses in its history; and I believe, too, that under Elizabeth the Second it faces a future more prosperous and influential than its past. In my view the greatest days of the British Commonwealth lie ahead; and for her part, Australia will unquestionably remain within the Commonwealth for as far ahead as any human vision can now penetrate into the future.

That does not mean that Australia cannot change the direction of many of her existing policies,

About the Author

IN HIS own words "a singularly plain Australian," Robert G. Menzies gave up a singularly successful law career in 1929 to enter politics. This led him to the Prime Ministry in 1939, a post he held until mid-1941 and to which he was returned in 1949. He heads a coalition Government of two parties (his, the Liberal—largely business and professional citizens; and the Country—largely farmers). Brilliant debater, author of four books, father of three children, he favors, as he notes here, the regional-pact idea as a route to peace.



Parliament Buildings, Canberra.



Map by Sam Brown

NOVEMBER, 1953

national or international, according to her own judgment, and without that judgment being first approved by other members of the Commonwealth.

We have a perfect recent example before us in the mutual-security pact concluded in 1952 between the United States, Australia, and New Zealand.

By the end of World War II the United States had become the dominant Pacific power; whilst Britain, because of the terrible cost of that war, and of the changing character of war itself, could (notwithstanding the bravest goodwill) no longer be expected automatically to guarantee Australian security.

Under the provisions of the Japanese Peace Treaty, unanimously endorsed by the United States and Britain herself, Japan was allowed to rehabilitate herself and to re-arm as a potential bulwark against the advance of Communism. Australia, with lively and bitter memories of Japanese aggression, discussed with the United States and New Zealand and concluded a mutual defensive alliance now better known as the Anzus Treaty.

Just before the signature of the Pact last year, certain minor misunderstandings arose between some people in Britain and Australia on this issue. It received headlines in the press far out of proportion to its significance. I myself visited London shortly afterward, and later conversations with members of the British Government have established the most complete concord and understanding between us in respect to Anzus.

The point I wish to make, however, is that here was a case in which a member of the Commonwealth devised one of the most historic treaties in all its foreign policy with the knowledge of, but without the direct participation of, the mother country. There could be no more powerful proof of constitutional independence. Yet, at the same time, our links with that mother country have remained as strong and unshaken as ever. There is no question, as some people would have it, of Australia moving out of one "orbit" and into another—no question of her "abandoning the British sphere of

influence for that of the United States." Such speculation is the purest nonsense. The British association has stood the test of the years because it was always flexible enough to encompass changes. International power is not static. World economic forces do not stand still. It is Australia's desire and privilege to have moved closer in friendship to the United States in the past few years than ever before. We are glad of it. And



The Australian aborigine is one of the most primitive of men—but wise enough to invent the boomerang.

Britain, too, is glad of it, because it will give added strength to the English-speaking peoples the world over.

Before I leave the subject of defense, it should not be forgotten that Australia has made it her practical business, in the wider international sphere, to support the forces of the United Nations in Korea. Many thousands of Australian soldiers, sailors, and airmen have fought in the Korean War, and many have given their lives for the ideals which the U. N. forces represent.

Korea is yet another example, too, of the functional value of the British Commonwealth in world affairs, for Australian infantrymen in Korea have fought as members of the famous First Commonwealth Division, comprising troops from Britain, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and other members of the British family.

In terms of local defense, Australia is better prepared than ever

before in a time of no world war. A system of national service training has been established under which more than 68,000 young men have already received several months' experience in the methods of modern combat. Part-time service continues to keep them fresh in their technique; and they are backed by permanent forces totalling 57,000 in the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Whilst watchful of their defense and proud of their high living standards, Australians are well aware that their quite near Asiatic neighbors live under harsher conditions in countries desperately in need of development. In an effort to help this development, Australia became the chief promoter of the Colombo Plan for coöperative economic development in South and Southeast Asia.

The Australian contribution to the work is under two main headings. Firstly comes the supply of materials. Secondly, there is the training of Asian nationals in agricultural and other appropriate techniques.

Wheat has been given to India, flour to Ceylon, and capital equipment to several Asian countries. A hundred Australian tractors, for example, have this year been sent to Ceylon. They will be used in dry areas to speed up plowing which, by existing and obsolete methods, could not be completed in time to take maximum advantage of seasonal rains. Tractors will help the people of Ceylon to increase substantially their production of rice, a basic food. I shall not attempt to outline in detail the aid we are giving, but its magnitude is indicated by the fact that in the six-year period up to June, 1957, we shall have provided £31,250,000 (Australian) as our share of the Plan.

Another of the Plan's most important aspects is the loan of specialists to help Asian countries in their expansion programs. So far, Australia has sent 37 such men into Borneo, Sarawak, India, Malaya, Pakistan, and Ceylon. They have included economists, teachers, agriculturalists, nursing instructors, engineers, and technicians. Some have been top-level consultants, while others have gone in [Continued on page 52]



The national symbol of Australia, the kangaroo is kin to the opossum. Biologically, both are curiosities.



To the army of their war dead, Australians in Adelaide laid this floral carpet as a memorial. Woven of living native flowers, the colorful area measured 44 by 32 feet.



These are the oddly flattened hills of the magnetic white ant—exactly oriented to the north-south meridian.



Sydney Harbor, one of the finest ports in the world, can handle the largest liners afloat. The famous bridge, reminiscent of New York's Hell Gate span, is rated an outstanding example of bridge design.

Clothing on the hoof! The world-famous merino sheep whose wool is one of Australia's principal exports. Here, rams stand wary guard.



All photos: Australian News & Information Bureau

LET'S call him Herman Hansen. No special reason, since he's not a real person. He is a composite of all the men I interviewed and talked to in a search which took me to large cities and small towns—a search to find the truth in what we might call "The Case of the Elder Citizen."

Herman has problems. All kinds of problems. But he isn't alone. He has 42½ million men and women companions with similar problems.

The reason for the problems is that Herman is over 45; he is a statistical entity. Herman falls into two statistical classifications. In the broad view, he is one of the 42½ million men and women in the United States who are 45 years

Illustrations by
Bernard Glochowsky



the case of the ELDER CITIZEN

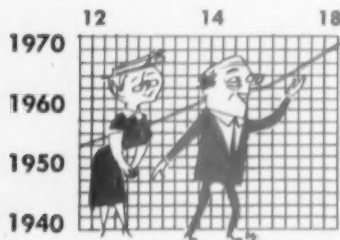
of age or older. More important to Herman is the fact that he is one of 22,042,000 "older workers" in America upon whom social scientists have been focusing their microscopes of late.

Herman is the man three top-

'Herman' and, eventually, YOU face the

problems of a society growing older.

By DONALD J. THORMAN



"... the present U.S.A. population of almost 12 million persons 65 or over will explode to 18 million in 1970."

flight economists and industrial-relations experts had in mind recently when they wrote that "For the first time in the history of the world, the aged and the ageing constitute a basic social problem."

Herman doesn't yet understand that his very personal and real problems aren't his alone. Nor does he know that the United States Census Bureau has dug up some startling facts about the country's elder citizens in recent years. For example, the Bureau estimates that the present U.S.A.

population of some 12 million persons 65 years and over will explode to at least 18 million in 1970, with about 14 or 15 million estimated for 1960.

At the same time the Bureau estimates that the total number of persons aged 45-plus in 1970 will be almost 60 million. Which means that in only 17 short years about one-third of the total projected population will be 45 years of age or over.

Besides, recent statistics show that the 20-year-old male worker may look forward to 48.2 more years of life and 42.8 years of work life, leaving him about five and a half years of retirement.

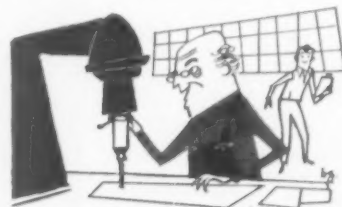
During these years of work life, especially in the later years, the most important problem facing older workers is that of getting or keeping a job.

To secure jobs for themselves and their comrades, unemployed executives over 40 have set up

Forty-Plus and Men over Forty Clubs all over the United States. These clubs serve the dual purpose of employment agency and public-relations office.

I was attending a business meeting of one of these groups when I met Herman. I was informed that he had been an executive with a large firm for many years, but there had been an amalgamation and he was one of the old-timers who had been let out the back door in the process.

"Herman," I asked, "what is one of the commonest reasons



"Adaptability is a state of mind."

given by employers for not hiring older workers?"

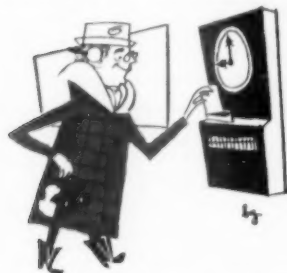
Without hesitation he answered, "Lack of adaptability."

"Well?" I queried.

The vigorous-appearing white-haired quinquagenarian smiled and looked as if he had been through this many, many times before.

"Adaptability," he said, "is a state of mind. Some men are 'adaptable' at 20, others at 60, and some are never 'adaptable.' Age has nothing to do with one's ability to work."

When I left Herman and re-



"... older workers' absenteeism rates decrease with age. And their work-injury rates compare favorably. . . ."

turned to my perusal of the scholarly journals dealing with gerontology, I found that all the available facts seemed to back up his judgment.

An intensive survey of the problem by an interested Federal agency reported in *Monthly Labor Review* that older workers' absenteeism rates decrease with age. And their work-injury rates compare favorably with those of younger workers. In general, the labor turnover is smaller for older workers and no definite relation has been positively established between age and output.

On the debit side, it is true that although the older worker can usually produce as much as the younger worker, he does not have as much physical ability; and when he does become ill, he takes longer to recover and return to work than do younger workers.

Unlike England, where a recent study revealed that only about 20 percent of the men 65 years and older are working (compared to about 55 percent in the United States), U. S. elders have their own ideas about their abilities.

"Let us work," say all the Herman Hansens. "Aren't we just as

valuable to our employers the day after we hit that 65 mark as the day before?"

The National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in investigating the problem, found that there are four advantages associated with employing both physically handicapped and older workers: reliability, better work habits, less turnover, and good quality and output.

Unions, too, are convinced of the ability of elder citizen-workers. A clause in International Typographical Union contracts forbids dismissal of an employee on the grounds of old age. Furthermore, the ITU allows its retired workers to continue working two days a week and still draw retirement pay.

The National Association of Manufacturers echoes this in a statement of policy made in 1938 which said it was opposed "to the establishment of arbitrary upper age limits in the hiring or employment of workers below any which might be fixed for permanent retirement."

Unfortunately, not all employers are yet convinced of the ability or 'adaptability' of older workers.

Ask Herman Hansen. He'll tell you. "It takes a lot of leg work to get a job once you are over 40," says Herman. "I've been to employer after employer and all I get is sympathy. Once in a while they will come right out and tell me that the pension system they have retires their men at 65, so they can't afford to hire anyone over 40.

"Or they say that they have to pay a higher workmen's compensation rate for an older worker. Or, worst of all, they offer me a job as a janitor or a guard. Imagine! Such a job for me—in the prime of life!"

Back to the books again and we find that Herman is only too right. After a nation-wide study in 1950 the Bureau of Economic Security reached two conclusions:

1. Compared to younger workers, older workers have much greater difficulty in obtaining new employment.

2. Among all applicants for work using the public employment serv-

ice, the need for counselling was three times as great for older workers. Although the absolute size of the problem may decrease because of the exigencies of the present world situation, point 1 will still hold true.

The problem is so serious in New York that the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Ageing was set up to investigate the situation. Here are some of the facts they found out about the Herman Hansens:

A questionnaire study by the committee revealed that the type of job open to older workers is generally restricted to menial dead-end jobs, such as janitors or watchmen, jobs in light machine or assembly work; or, on the other hand, jobs requiring considerable skill or ability, such as inspectors or tool and die makers.

The skilled worker, as might be expected, has a much better opportunity for employment. However, problems arise with the man whose skills have become obsolete in our dynamic, Atomic Age technology or with the white-collar



"Or, worst of all, they offer me a job as a janitor or a guard. Imagine!"

worker whose age militates against his holding his job.

The committee also discovered that the old bugaboo that workmen's compensation rates increase with the age of the worker just isn't so.

Ewan Clague, Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics and a recognized authority on elder citizens, points out that even the employed older worker faces many difficulties.

The very nature of modern industry, with its emphasis on new skills and processes, presents the Herman Hansens with the threat of obsolescence of their skills at a time when there is a slowing down of their ability to learn new

Table Tips for Rotarians

From Rotagraph, of the Rotary Club of Fort Worth, Texas:

Arrive early and get acquainted with Rotarians you should know better.

Watch for new members and visiting Rotarians. Introduce yourself. Get acquainted. Ask them to sit with you. Make them welcome.

Take time to thank the speaker and others on the program.

Pat the President on the back once in a while.

Compliment the Chairman of some Committee that is doing a good job.

Don't accept everything that goes on without some commendation.

Don't find fault with one of the details of running a Club and overlook all the good things going on.

If you have a good suggestion for improvement, let the President know.

* * *

From Live Steam, of the Rotary Club of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania:

Attend luncheons. It will give you an opportunity to feel supremely virtuous when you meet a fellow Rotarian who has been absent.

Always wear a smile when you meet the bunch. This disarms suspicion and gives you an opportunity to tell your troubles first.

Never talk out loud or laugh while someone is making a speech. Digestion works best when you are quiet. Besides, you may awaken those sitting near you.

Never try to sneak away in the dark during a movie talk. The doors might be too crowded with others going out.

Always say that you like and admire Rotary officers personally. You will therefore be enabled to criticize their official acts with impunity.

Always dwell upon the hard work and small returns of your business. Remember, there is no one to call your bluff because you are the only representative of your line.

skills, and when they may be faced with the problem of providing for their years of retirement. "The conveyor belt," says Commissioner Clague, "moves at the same rate for the old as for the young."

So far we have seen only one side of the coin. There is another.

Older workers have created many problems for employers, problems which are, understandably enough, not always fully appreciated.

Herman knows these problems exist, but his problem is very close to him and very real. The spectre of unemployment and possible dependency looms harrowingly in his mind. "I know it is hard for a company to make exceptions to its rules," Herman told me, "but there are plenty of good reasons why they should make an exception in *my* case. After all, years of experience are worth something to them. What do young workers have that I don't have?"

So it goes. No matter what the problem, every Herman Hansen can advance perfectly valid reasons why *his* case is different from every other case. But this natural enough attitude doesn't solve the host of problems industry faces.

One of the most important problems in industry is that of retirement age. Many companies are faced with the conflicting demands that employees be retired "on an individually determined basis," which is the official position of the United Auto Workers—CIO; or, on the other hand, that the employees be retired at 60 instead of 65, an opinion heard in the halls of Congress.

But who, after all, is able to continue to work and who is not? And by what criteria is this ability to be measured? One suggested solution for the dilemma is that all workers be retired automatically without exception at the retirement age fixed by the company and the union. Then, within a reasonable time, workers could be rehired on an individual basis.

Another possible solution is that followed by the Army, which sets up a three-man board to interview

a worker within two years of the retirement age. The board may decide either to let the worker continue at his present occupation, or let him continue work but in a different job classification, or it may recommend that he retire.

The urgency of the problem is little understood by most employers, yet the magnitude of the problem will soon be so great that unless planning is undertaken now there will undoubtedly be grave economic, political, and sociological consequences in the years ahead. And within only a few years at that.

Economically, in order to be realistic, Social Security and private pension plans must take account of the increasing number of older citizens, personnel policies must be adjusted to the demographic facts of life, and the types of jobs open to older workers must be given careful scrutiny; union-management cooperation is essential for any real solution.

BUT PENSIONS alone will not solve the problems of the aged, social scientists say. They must be reintegrated into society and be given the opportunity they seek to continue to serve society. Old age seems to be the only age category for which many of us have failed to provide a satisfactory way of life.

Switzerland, they say, is providing an example of the lines along which others might begin thinking. Switzerland's program includes cooperation among community and welfare agencies, the church, and the school to provide the aged with both financial support and the respect which is psychologically so important to them.

This includes special honors for those who are 80, 90, or 100 years old; the celebration of wedding anniversaries; and special days set aside in which the young participate in honoring the aged. This not only boosts the morale of Switzerland's elder citizens, but it teaches the young people respect for the aged.

In Denmark, the Government subsidizes the erection and maintenance of special low-rent apartments for pensioners, at the same time making special arrangements for [Continued on page 56]

A VOCATIONAL COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

'SHABASH'

MEANS 'WELL DONE'

Recall the better mousetrap idea? A Rotarian put it to work in India—on a new plow.

By HOWARD D. KRAMER

TAKE a simple plowshare, a moldboard, a few bolts, and a wood beam. Put them together and you have a Shabash plow. It will cost you 15 rupees, or \$3, and if you're a small Indian farmer, you'd much rather get your hands on a Shabash than on a tractor. In Hindustani, "Shabash" means "well done."

Behind this simple implement which thousands of Indians want, but which so far only a few can have, is a remarkable man—an unusual Rotarian by the name of Mason Vaugh. Born and raised on a farm in Missouri, Mason Vaugh went to the University of Missouri in his teens to study scientific farming. This new knowledge he decided to share with some of God's people who seemed to need it greatly, and in 1921 he accepted an assignment as a lay missionary who would teach agricultural engineering at Allahabad Agricultural Institute, which stands near the junction of the Jumna River and the sacred Ganges in Northern India.

Unusual Rotarians
The first thing Mason Vaugh was to learn was that scientific farming, as practiced in his United States, could not be applied wholesale to India's medieval agriculture. On the advice of Sam Higginbottom,* founder of this Christian mission school, he thus turned his talents to improving the traditional Indian farm tools.

What a farmer would and could use profitably, not what experts thought he should, became the guiding rule. In short, to make progress you sometimes have to back up. In this spirit, Mason Vaugh has spent a lifetime in remaking things the Indian way. His plows, farm buildings, bungalows, kitchen equipment, and field implements of all kinds use native forms and materials.

You would welcome a threefold increase in the efficiency of your business, particularly if it cost you almost nothing, wouldn't you? That is what the Institute can offer Indian farmers, largely because



Mason Vaugh, of Allahabad, and his much-coveted \$3 plow.

of Vaugh's improved implements. Normally a man and his pair of bullocks can work only four or five acres, and a maximum of eight. Using Institute cultivation methods and implements, he can work 22 acres. And there are acres to work in India! Almost two-fifths of India's food lands, it is estimated, are not in cultivation due to brick-hard soils, stubborn wild grass, or other conditions of terrain. Primitive wood plows cannot begin to cope with these challenges.

What gives the Shabash its superiority over other plows? To begin with, its generous throat clearance reduces entanglement in weeds and tough grass. Also, its hard steel share makes it sharper and more durable than the village-made *deshi* plow hewn out of a block of wood and fitted with a metal tip. Then, the wider and deeper furrow makes the Shabash almost a third again as efficient. Of utmost importance, its price, only a few rupees more than a *deshi*, brings it within reach of the villager's purse.

At present the Institute workshop is turning out 100 plows a month. Next year, if all goes well, Mason Vaugh hopes to erect a factory capable of making 1,000 a week. Even this won't meet the demand. Fortunately the United States Point Four program in India has requested Indian manufacturers to produce plows which incorporate the basic principles of the Shabash. Three failures with American-designed implements finally convinced Point Four officials that the man on the spot knows best.

Mason Vaugh and his staff have designed 14 other low-cost improved implements: cultivators, yokes,

* See Sam Higginbottom of India, *THE ROTARIAN* for October, 1944.

seeders, khurpies, earth borers, garden tools, winnowing machines, and so on. All are field tested for years before manufacture. Vaugh is now concentrating upon refining Indian harvesting practices, for a considerable amount of a crop is lost by wasteful methods. All Institute implements are sold at village prices. Even so, by careful management the school makes a slight profit.

Fame and fortune await the Indian architect who incorporates into his work the Vaugh construction methods. Kitchens with sinks, sideboards, work space, stove, oven, and wash basins all of concrete have earned for Vaugh the gratitude of housewives lucky enough to have one. In a land where materials cost more than labor, his hollow brick-wall

construction for coolness and many other built-in features are more economical than the usual Indian building practices.

As they know in the Rotary Club of Allahabad, where he's an active member and plays his part at Wednesday-evening meetings and in between times, Mason Vaugh punctuates his conversation with homely quips and sayings. One of them in which he is a firm believer is Emerson's observation about the better mousetrap. He sees no reason today to discard this maxim. Without any advertising except word of mouth, Indian farmers are beating a widening path to his door to purchase these implements that increase their farm production and help them ease their hard lot in life.

In the Name of a Hero

At last a leader gets his living memorial.

TWO major disconnected but interrelated anniversaries of American history fell within this year of 1953—and Rotary played a major part in rescuing one of them from the oblivion of forgetfulness with a living memorial.

The two dates are the sesquicentennial of the Louisiana Purchase from France (in April, 1803) and the 201st birthday on November 19 of General George Rogers Clark, whose Revolutionary War conquest of the Northwest Territory paved the way for the Louisiana Purchase.

The Purchase probably is the largest real-estate transaction on record. The United States paid 15 million dollars for a territory which more than doubled the then size of the country. Yet prior to that acquisition, settlers from the Eastern seaboard had been pouring into Clark's Northwest Territory between the Alleghenies, the Ohio and, roughly, the Mississippi Valley. Filling up one of the world's great granaries, these pioneers had to have an outlet down the Mississippi—but France stood straddling the mouth. Hence, purchase.

Clark started the ball rolling in the Revolution. He truly was a fantastic figure, comparable in military achievement to Cortes in Mexico. He had some 175 men compared with Cortes' 400; both men added tremendously valuable territories to their nations against well-intrenched possessors. Clark's conquests, moreover, came at a low point in Revolutionary fortunes and thus provided a tremendously needed lift to colonial morale.

Yet he had been almost forgotten. Histories mention his exploits glowingly, but concentrate their attentions on the main theater of war. He died a debt-ridden man, never able to win from a forgetful Government even as much as a repayment of the money with which he financed his own expedition. Even the city which he founded, Louis-

ville, Kentucky, allowed his old homestead, one of the first in the State to have glass windows, to be demolished for a tank-proving ground in World War I. His grave suffered similar neglect. It might have disintegrated completely following World War I had not a family of collateral descendants, the Ballards, bought 43 acres of the original tract, including the family graveyard, and deeded them to the city as George Rogers Clark Park.

But the park never was developed by the city. Gradually the area returned virtually to its original wild state, complicated by unnatural dump heaps. At this point, in 1948, the Rotary Club of Louisville stepped in. Under the Presidency of C. Hunter Green, it had been casting about for a suitable major project; it had been giving its services, like so many groups, in small donations and was dissatisfied with the results. Said Hunter Green: "You could not really put your finger on any one project and say, 'This is what Rotary is doing for Louisville.'"

Thus the Rotary Club of Louisville under the leadership of President Green and the Special Projects Committee under William Keller adopted Clark Park as the project. It took time to get wheels rolling, but then results showed in a big way. Members donated time and



equipment to level a playground area and to clear the wildwood from the rolling hills. Playground equipment was supplied by the city.

This was a living memorial the whole community could appreciate, but it was incomplete. No place in Kentucky had a monument to George Rogers Clark; Rotarians decided to erect one in keeping with the living-memorial idea rather than a sterile bit of bronze staring into vacancy. They decided a shelter house would be it. The only catch was that they had already spent \$12,000.

At this point The Filson Club, Louisville's historical society, came forward. It had \$17,000 in trust from Kentucky school children and R. C. Ballard Thruston for Clark Memorial purposes. This fund became available; the city agreed to match it and Louisville Rotary succeeded in getting the Department of Parks to contract for a \$34,000 shelter house. Built appropriately enough of Kentucky stone, today it stands close to the original site of the Clark homestead. Park and house constitute a living memorial to the man who gave this country some of its richest lands.

—Janet Lowell Walker



Rotarians helped make possible this field house and park near the Clark homestead.

Yes, Dear...

How some Colorado Rotarians blew up a base old charge about husbands.

IT HAPPENS universally. Faucets spring leaks, draw drapes get stuck, ironing cords fray—and husbands promise to fix them. "Sure, dear, tomorrow night." When this happens in Grand Lake, Colorado, the interval between promise and delivery may or may not be a bit longer than elsewhere. If it is, here's why:

Grand Lake is a fringe of a town (Winter population 350) on the shores of a famed pool of water 8,300 feet up in the Rockies. For about 100 days straight its business and professional men hump to serve the thousands of tourists who come in Summer to look on the beauties of Grand Lake. After that—well, a fellow's got to rest up a bit, and just before the big Summer push he's busy getting ready. So . . .

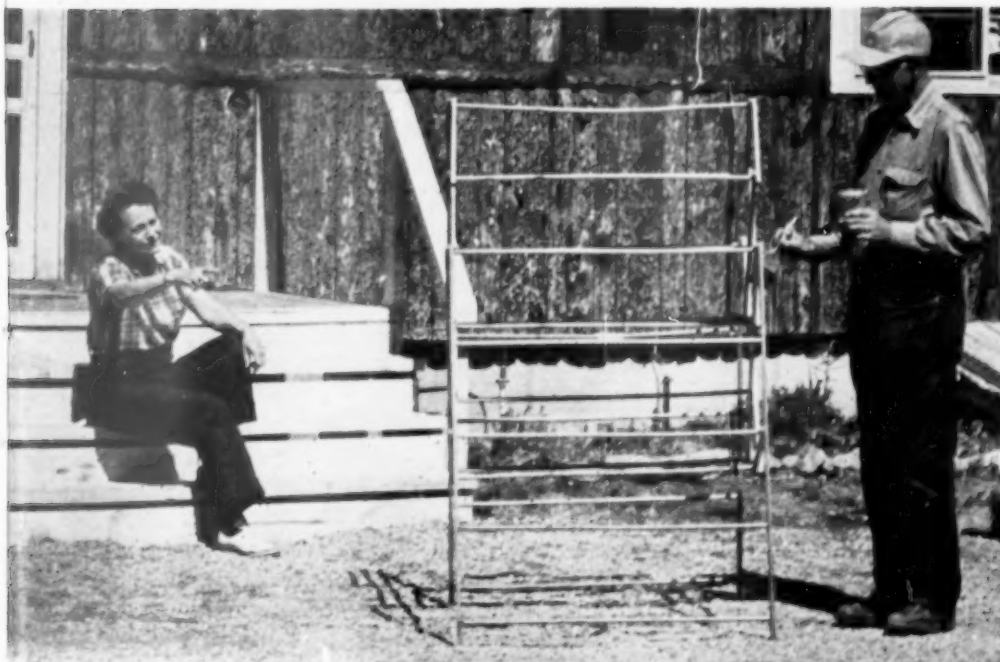
Well, three years ago 24 men on Main Street formed a Rotary Club, and it found lots to do, such as starting the first record of who's interred in the old burying ground on the mountainside. Then, a few months back, Dude Rancher Johnny Holzwarth, who's now President, got up at a Tuesday-night meeting and proved a man with a mighty conscience. "Fellows," said he, "'Service above Self' should begin at home. What do you say we all go home and tell our wives that we're going to devote at least five minutes a day to the odd jobs we've been putting off?" All agreed. "Then," Johnny went on, "we'll ask our wives to write letters to the Club commenting on our work. These letters we can read at a Ladies' Night. And any man who fails to put in at least an hour—\$5 from him to the Club treasury. O.K.?"

It was, and there followed the greatest wave of fixing doorstops and mending toasters and writing letters that ever rolled over Grand Lake. Sample from Sylvia Carlson's letter: "... perhaps I was a bit impatient about getting up the shower-curtain rod. The curtain had lain in its box only a year, three months, and 12 days."

The Club didn't collect a dime at the Ladies' Night—but there were evidences all around that no wives on earth love Rotary more than the 24 in Grand Lake, Colorado.



"Yes, yes, that's the one, Johnny. It will fit." As one of his duties under his Club's Service-Begins-at-Home Project, Rotarian John Holzwarth, Grand Lake dude rancher, hooks up the screen his wife, Carolyn, has mentioned on several occasions over quite a period of time.



He'd meant to do it for, well, six, seven months. At last Resort Owner Jake Pettengill puts a coat of paint on that clothes horse... while wife Lesta points out a rung she believes he may be overlooking... Incidentally, for thousands who will motor to Rotary's 1954 Convention in Seattle, Washington, next June, Grand Lake is right on the way.



Everybody hears the same thing in the same way—and the phrase can be repeated eternally in the same way, so learning speeds up.



You see what you say when you pronounce foreign words on this machine, an oscilloscope. Dr. J. Milton Cowan here directs operations.



Electronics are weakest when it comes to teaching Chinese dictographs where a curve turned the wrong way will shatter meaning.

ELECTRONICS FOR A QUICKER EDUCATION

ELECTRONS, which whiz around at 186,000 miles a second, are hard at work at Cornell University on the job of speeding up the slow process of learning foreign languages for 1,000 students a semester—an effort becoming more important in this interconnected world.

All the chief methods of learning—seeing, hearing, repetition—have been coordinated in this program. Discs, tapes, and films with foreign-language sound tracks are used: even the more difficult Slavic and Oriental languages are taught this way, including Vietnamese, Hindi, Thai, Indonesian, and others—and with a second or third language a growing consideration in business thinking, this speed-up has assumed increasing importance.

Language materials, as the accompanying photos

Photos: Pickow from Three Lions



An Argentine broadcast is tape recorded to preserve the full flavor of native Spanish for students at Cornell.



Studying her Spanish lesson in private, Gretchen Von Brockle hears it on a record and sees it in printed text simultaneously.



"Seeing" his own voice on a spectograph helps Albert S. Bonner, Jr., to check his sounds against a native speaker's.

show, are piped through a microphone into a multiple bank of recording machines similar in principle to those used by secretaries. A lesson can be put on 11 records simultaneously. By using earphones from a single player in the classroom, 11 students can listen to each record—a multiplication of the instructor far beyond what is usually permitted by audiovisual devices. Moreover, the recordings are authentic transcriptions of native speech. Phrases can be replayed many times without variation. The repetitive function of teaching is thus removed from the instructor, freeing him for the more creative aspects of the classroom while supplying the student with a high-quality tool for self-education—something which takes on added meaning in the observance of American Education Week, November 9-13.

Devices such as the spectograph, in addition to film, make sound visible as well as aural. Speech patterns can thus be checked against those made by experts in a reinforcement of the learning process.

Basically, the problem is one of providing good, native speech for people who seldom hear any language other than their own. Cornell experience has shown that the combination of all these devices, besides providing the good speech, helps students learn more quickly and thoroughly, regardless of linguistic ability, than do the more orthodox methods of instruction.

Mass production is put to work in Cornell University's language classes. Director Cowan records a broadcast 11 times.



Recording samples of the Russian tongue for student use, Mrs. Harold E. Shadick reads from the magazine Amerika.





Illustrations by Don Nelson

TALES of DEER

Facts and legend intertwine in stories of child of Nature.

THE most widely distributed, the most beloved, and in many ways the most admirable in character of all North American big game is the Virginia or white-tailed deer. Almost mercilessly hunted wherever he is found, he still survives, and, if given anything like reasonable protection, increases at a rather astonishing rate.

His survival is due, in part, to wise laws regulating hunting, and partly to the fact that America still has acres of true wilderness. But chief of all, I think, is this superb animal's native sagacity,

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

his speed, his wonderful vitality. This last trait enables him to recover from grievous wounds and likewise enables him to endure hardships that no man and few animals can survive.

I have known and loved and studied the white-tail for almost 50 years, and certain of his habits have never failed to fascinate me. One is his ability to remain statuesque even when danger is near, and perhaps on all sides of him.

When a deer in the wilds is thus standing motionless, Negroes say that he is "reading his book"—that is, without betraying his presence by motion of any sort, he is just deciding how best to get out of that particular difficulty. Often I have seen deer standing in the woods and have tried to point them out to friends. Almost as often my companions have been unable to make them out.

Fact and legend have become curiously intertwined in deer stories, particularly where chivalry is concerned. An old, heavy-shod,

escape. I know several hunters who have had narrow escapes when they approached a wounded stag.

Only in the mating season is the buck in a fighting mood and then his adversary is his rival—another buck. Combats between animals are rarely more than boisterous pushing matches accompanied by a great clashing of horns and a tearing up of the ground by the hooves; in all my woods roaming, I have found only one buck killed by a love rival. Occasionally antlers become locked inextricably and both stags perish miserably of starvation.

Antlers in themselves mean little; they are a sign of reproductive capacity and it is by no means the oldest stag or the largest that carries the finest rack. In a normal animal they reach their maximum, in size and symmetry, when the stag is between seven and ten years old. Often a buck of medium size will carry a lordly rack, while I have seen deer, known to be 32 years old, that had mean and scrubby horns. The antlers of white-tailed deer reach their greatest size and weight in Canada, yet some fine heads are taken in the U. S. South. I have a 26-pointer with a spread of 28 inches that was killed in South Carolina.

After the mating season you can see the examples of mother protection. One December day, from a spot I had christened Fawn Pond, a doe and a fawn got up within 15 feet of me. The behavior of this beautiful mother affected me deeply. She no sooner saw me than she knew danger was close behind. For that reason the doe insisted that the fawn instantly

precede her. By a kind of prancing this side and that, with her head turned to look back, she delayed her own advance so that her little one could keep ahead. It was a graceful and instinctive maneuver to put herself between her fawn and peril.

Perhaps the behavior of this doe would not have so deeply impressed me had her performance not been confirmed, a half hour later, by a second mother I walked up to in the dew-tasselled broom-sedge. I came within 12 feet of this couched and drowsing pair. The doe started up first with a great leap, but she suddenly halted until her fawn had sped past her, whereupon she began the same peculiar delayed advance.

This protective instinct is sometimes extended from one deer to another even when the doe-and-fawn relation does not exist. An instance of the deer's occasional defense of his own kind is recorded from Norristown, Pennsylvania, where an extraordinary thief attempted to steal "Flossie," a doe, from the Borough Municipal Zoo. Ben, buck of the herd, successfully protected his companion and routed the nocturnal visitor.

Evidence of the terrific fight was discovered next morning. A bloody pitchfork, which the thief evidently had used as a weapon to ward off Ben's furious charges, was found near the spot where the intruder fled hurriedly over

"The space between the bottom of the ditch and the lowest wire was about 22 inches."

many-seasoned buck is by no means chivalrous. I have seen, I believe, about 7,000 wild deer in their native woods and swamps, and never have I seen a doe and a buck travelling together when the doe was not in the lead; nor, when two bucks were running, have I observed the older and larger in the lead. I have seen a veteran stag, dubious about entering a green wheat field at dusk, deliberately push two does in ahead of him to test the safety of the place. They fed for some minutes before his lordship sauntered in.

Many people, looking in a deer's eyes, see nothing there but the appeal of beautiful innocence, but the buck can be as savage as almost any wild creature on earth. I do not mean that he will attack man. A wounded buck is always a dangerous animal to approach, but injury to a man in such an encounter would likely come, not from a direct attack, but rather from the deer's frantic efforts to



AUTUMN

*The Summer wanes, and Autumn rains
Have drenched a thirsty soil,
And meager man has made his plan,
And set his pot to boil,
And through the glen we hear again
The clamor of his toil.*

*His wistful eye has bade good-by
To scents and sounds of Spring,
For he has learned, ease must be earned,
And would he romp and sing,
He needs must pay the right to play
The rôle of sun-tanned king.*

*So, through the land he takes his stand
To labor night and day.
By mighty blow his products flow,
And who could know, or say
He dreams sweet dreams of deep trout streams
To fish another day?*

—E. WAYNE DONALDSON
Rotarian, Belmont, Mass.

the high wire fence topped with barbed wire.

The buck had been stabbed twice with the prongs, in the side and on the nose. Dry blood on the pitchfork handle and on Ben's antlers indicated the thief had been gored before escaping.

Wariness, however, is a far more salient trait of the white-tail—as it is of all deer—than is temerity.

I remember well watching two bucks feeding. They came out of red-cedar jungles to a marsh. For perhaps 20 minutes, until they moved off silently without having seen me, they fed on the short marsh grass. They were never disturbed, but never did they relax their systematic vigilance. When one would bow his antlered head for a mouthful, the other, perhaps munching thoughtfully the bunch of grass, would watch intently the mysterious, dark forest whence they had come. A tireless watch it was, for the two bucks never put their heads down at the same time. When one lifted his head, his comrade lowered his. So, with no danger apparent, they scrupulously warded each other.

Often I have tried to discover the signs and signals given by deer to warn their fellows of impending peril. Sometimes, indeed, precipitate flight is considered signal enough, but both bucks and does, when alarmed suddenly, give a blowing snort, sometimes loud. One August day I was on the edge of a swamp looking for high-bush blueberries, and had stopped under a pine to rest. The woods were still, save for the occasional shrill of a cicada and the dim murmuring of the great pines.

After a time a movement on the swamp margin caught my eye.

Watching closely, I discerned five deer feeding slowly toward me: two does, two fawns, and a splendid buck with tall antlers still in the velvet. They were at that time a full hundred yards from me. But the breeze was from me to them, and even at that distance the buck detected in the delicate pineland air a taint that caused him to halt and to hold his head high and motionless. The four other deer fed along naturally. Because the stag was standing, the other deer passed him in their quiet wandering; and as long as they bore to his right or left, he did not appear in the least uneasy. But the moment their browsing course turned toward me, he began to stamp his forefeet—now one, now the other, with a certain imperious air of command.

Acting as a sentry, and having detected danger, he was warning his charges in this singular manner. That it was sufficient as well I could readily discern, for the browsers took it as a command not to advance. Until I showed myself, causing all of them to rock away lithely, the stag maintained his position as an outpost guard.

Like all other ungulates, deer never sleep as profoundly as do many other wild families—the carnivores, for example. Couched from dawn until near sundown, the white-tail spends this long siesta in drowsy rumination rather than in actual slumber. But occasionally profound sleep will overcome a deer. A deer-hunting friend discovered this fact for himself—with some embarrassment. Late one afternoon, riding the lonely pineland country north of Charleston, South Carolina, he roused a [Continued on page 51]



MOUNTAIN of IRON



Illustration by Willard Arnold

*It's Brazil's Caué Peak—
a billion tons of good news.*

By LELAND D. CASE

Author; Rotarian, Tucson, Ariz.

IF YOU have a neighbor who has flown down to Rio, you've heard about Sugar Loaf. No visitor can be silent about that knob of granite. Thrust like a gigantic thimble from the scalloped shoreline, it makes Rio de Janeiro the most beautiful city in the world. But Sugar Loaf isn't Brazil's most important mountain.

That honor goes to Caué Peak some 400 miles inland. So rich in blue hematite is it that it's called "the mountain of iron." And there's so much of this blue gold in the rolling hills you can see from the top of Caué that experts estimate the region holds *one-fourth of the world's iron reserves!*

Brazil knows what it has and is excited about it. With high-grade deposits in Sweden and on the Mesabi Range in Minnesota, U.S.-A., playing out and with the Labrador fields yet undeveloped,*

Caué spells out opportunity for Brazil to bring in the dollars needed to develop a steel industry of her own. Last year almost 1½ million tons were shipped to ore-hungry steel mills in England and the United States. But the goal is twice that.

Approaching Caué by plane, you swing over a scrubby green jungle with rolling red hills that look like those around Atlanta, Georgia. Caué stands out, for it's a solitary peak contoured like Gibraltar with a sheer drop to the north. Circling it, you can with glasses easily make out the scar where workmen swarm like ants. If you're lucky, you may see the puff of a blast and the steam shovels moving in.

Down on *terra firma*, you watch what happens next. Trucks carry the ore to the near-by crushing

and screening plant where the latest in machinery goes to work. Only ore chunks sized one-half to eight inches are loaded on cars that rattle down to the port of Vitoria to meet the waiting ships.

Every lump exported must be "premium" ore. Seventy percent of the ore mined at Caué meets that requirement. Theoretically, pure hematite is 70 percent iron and 30 percent oxygen. Ore sold from Caué is guaranteed to be 68.5 pure. And according to W. V. Packard, writing in *The Iron Age*, more than 300 million tons of this premium ore have already been proved at Caué. Over a billion more may underlie the giant lode!

This fabulous treasure almost slipped through Brazil's fingers into the clutches of the European steel cartel. How and why it didn't makes a story of international intrigue and power politics with a happy ending.

Back in 1919 a roving American

* See *New Boom in Newfoundland*, by James Montagnes, in *THE ROTARIAN* for June, 1952.

engineer named Percy Farquhar stumbled on to Caué. Knowing a good thing when he saw it, he staked out a claim. American capital wasn't interested, so in 1922 he formed the Itabira Iron Ore Company with British money to exploit his concession. But his company—backed by Brazil—tangled with the steel cartel in France, Luxemburg, and Germany that didn't want British mills freed from dependence on French and Swedish ore.

Behind diplomatic doors the battle raged for years, finally becoming an issue in Brazilian politics. Then in 1936, Fritz Thyssen, the great German industrialist, moved in. He bought an island within sight of Rio and proposed to build there a great smelter. His plans might have succeeded had not the British Government balked them by requiring British shareholders to deny him access to their mine.

Thyssen's dream died hard. As late as October, 1940, *Time* reported that Hitler's agents had offered to transfer to Brazil the great Skoda iron works from overrun Czechoslovakia—if they could get the ore. But Brazil spurned the offer.

By 1942, U-boats had choked off Swedish high-grade ore England's bessemer furnaces so desperately needed. If only she could tap that treasure of blue gold at Caué Peak! It was a ticklish problem of international politics and economics, and into it moved three top-level diplomats: Lord Halifax, Britain's Ambassador to Washington; Sumner Welles, U. S. Under Secretary of State; and Arthur de Souza Costa, Brazil's Finance Minister.

They quietly worked out a neat three-cornered deal. Britain bought up the Itabira Iron Ore Company and gave it to Brazil, which, in turn, purchased from British shareholders the rickety 400-mile railway that ran from the iron mountain to the port at Vitória. To enable Brazil to modernize it and to import modern mining machinery, the United States supplied a 20-year 14-million-dollar loan through the Export-Import Bank. Brazil was to rush production, and Britain and the U. S. guaranteed purchase of ore shipments at specified prices

on a renewable three-year contract.

Everybody was happy. Britain was freed from life-and-death dependence on Swedish ore. The United States was linked by new economic ties to its counterpart in South America. And Brazil, through a company of which the Government owned the majority interest, began to tap its fabulous reservoir of blue gold on Caué Peak.

Almost in its shadow is the city of Itabira, today quivering with activity. Yet a decade ago it was a slumbering village, all but a ghost town. Gold was discovered here in 1720, but the vein soon played out. Again in 1880 there was a flashy strike and fortune seekers flocked in. Today you can see reminders of those gold-rush days—massive walls of ruined

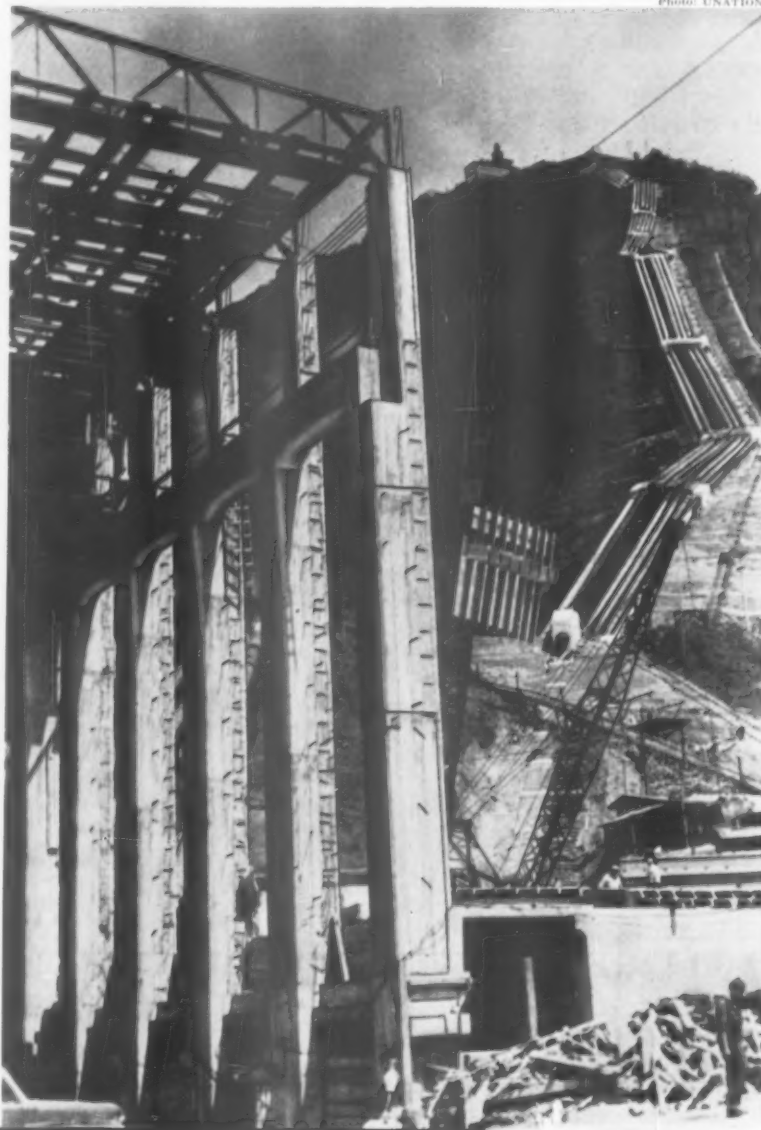
200-year-old mansions alongside the abrupt gullies that seam the town. Modern buildings now mushroom everywhere and have overflowed to a near-by hillside. Here in a company-built housing project, workers pay nominal rents and can point with pride to a splendid school and hospital.

Ruts and bumps in the old town's streets—literally paved with iron—are disappearing as lop-eared burros give way to buses and sleek automobiles. Ten years ago you could go by car or by rail to Belo Horizonte, capital of the State of Minas Gerais (General Mines), but it took two days. Now you leave from an excellent airport and are there in 15 minutes.

Belo Horizonte is booming too, for it is the center of this rich mining area in the heartland of

Power to move mountains of iron will come from the new hydro plants in Brazil.

Photo: UNATIONS



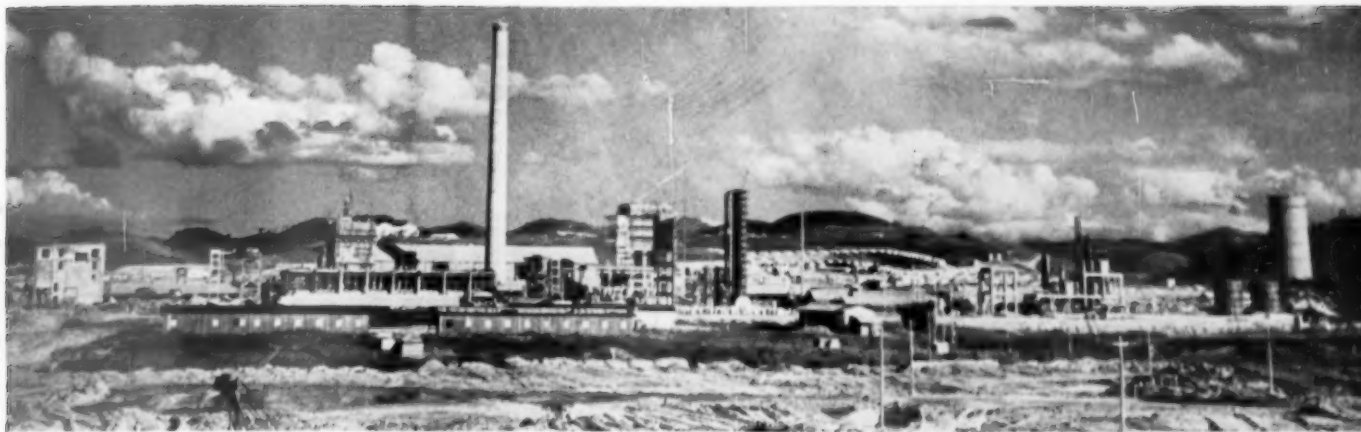


Photo: Ewing Galloway

This is the powerful heart of Brazil's new Volta Redonda steel mill where millions of tons of ore will be transformed for the use of the world.

Brazil. It is a city planner's dream, with showy boulevards and splendid buildings. But to get the full picture of Brazil's iron-fed bonanza, fly on to Volta Redonda 100 miles west of Rio.

Here's a city of 35,000 on the site of a former cattle ranch. Its life pivots around a sprawling steel mill, launched in 1946 with a 25-million-dollar loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank. The National Steel Company (Companhia Siderurgica Nacional), a joint Government-private capital enterprise, owns it.

Manganese, tungsten, nickel, chromium, and limestone are abundantly available in the State of Minas Gerais, and coal is barged up the coast 700 miles from the State of Santa Catherine. Ore comes not from Caué Peak but from Casa de Pedra Mine, across a divide.

It, too, is rich, and already Volta Redonda produces 420,000 tons of steel annually. The value of that runs to some 60 million dollars—dollars saved on foreign exchange, assuming Brazil had imported that amount of steel. By 1954, with expansion approved by President Getulio Vargas, Volta Redonda expects to turn out a million tons annually.

Never again will war catch Brazil short on steel, for Volta Redonda, though the largest, is not the only mill rolling it out. For a glimpse of what this means to this country—actually larger than the United States and as rich in resources—fly on to São Paulo, where Armando de Arruda Pe-

reira, President of Rotary International a decade ago, served a term as Mayor. You'll be startled, for São Paulo's skyscrapers give it a skyline comparable with Detroit's or Chicago's.

No city on earth is growing so fast. In 1890 its population was 65,000; now it's 2½ million and getting bigger every day. São Paulo's airport does more business than London's. Real estate in the downtown Triangle brings prices as fancy as land in Chicago's Loop or on New York's Wall Street.

"A new building is completed somewhere in São Paulo every 50 minutes," a *Paulista* told me as we lunched in a 25th-floor dining room. "It's a common saying here: 'A vacant lot a month ago—now a factory!'"

Coffee accounted for São Paulo's early growth, but now it's industry. The shift started in 1922 when Asa Billings, an Omaha-

born engineer for São Paulo's Canadian-owned power company, worked out a fantastically brilliant idea. He dammed rivers that flowed inland, then turned their waters back over a 2,400-foot shelf into the Atlantic.

Cheap electrical energy accounts for 34,000 factories and 700,000 industrial workers in the State of São Paulo—and, no doubt, for most of 500-odd *Paulistas* who rate as millionaires. With steel from Volta Redonda now available for fabrication, even more plants are on drafting boards to supply Brazil's 45 million people with everything from rails to refrigerators.

Many tourists from the north stop off at São Paulo to marvel. But basic to an understanding of what they see are Volta Redonda and Caué Peak. For it is iron from the mountains that has made São Paulo "the Pittsburgh of the South."

Rotary in Brazil



IT WAS in the 400-year-old city of Rio de Janeiro, in 1922, that Rotary first entered Brazil. Today only three countries—the United States, England, and Canada—have more Rotary Clubs than this ore-rich South American republic. Within the eight Rotary Districts of Brazil there are now 271 Clubs and nearly 7,000 Rotarians, and, like their counterparts in some 80 other lands, these Brazilian Clubs maintain active programs in each of Rotary's four avenues of service. In 1940-41 Rotary's first international President from South America came from Brazil, Armando de Arruda Pereira, of São Paulo, and in 1948 Brazil warmly welcomed Rotarians and their families from countries around the world when Rio played host to Rotary's international Convention that year.

Next year, in April, a Regional Conference of Ibero-American Rotarians will be held in São Paulo, where Rotary is nearly 30 years old.

Are YOU a

Here are ten 'situations' that

DO YOU OFTEN wonder what kind of boss you are—or would make?

Too often we forget that being a competent boss is not as easy as it seems. The good boss must combine fairness with firmness and must know how to be friendly without inviting familiarity. He must be part psychologist, teacher, judge—and administrator.

Below are described ten typical situations in which a boss might find himself. How would *you* solve them? Check off *one* choice under each question. Then turn to the answer key [page 50] to find the right solutions as well as the reasons why they are correct. Use the rating scale given in the answer key to learn what kind of boss you'd make, or, if you are a boss already, to find out how good an executive you really are.

1. You are office manager in an insurance-brokerage firm. As the person in charge of the company files, you are required to train a new filing clerk who has never used this particular type of filing system before. Since the job calls for speed as well as for accuracy, would you:

- (a) Train her for speed and pick up her errors later?
- (b) Allow *her* to decide whether to emphasize speed or accuracy, depending on her previously developed learning habits?
- (c) Concentrate on accuracy and then get her to develop speed?
- (d) Tell her to reorganize the files in keeping with the system she already knows?

2. As a production supervisor in an electrical-manufacturing plant, you are asked by another supervisor to lend him two men for several days in order to help him break a production bottleneck in his section. You have the authority to take this action without checking with your superior, the plant manager. Furthermore,



"As the person in charge of the files, you are required to train a clerk who has never used this type of filing system."



"You realize you may find yourself in the middle of the battle."

A VOCATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

GOOD BOSS?

will provide you with an answer.

By
ALFRED R. LATEINER
Supervising Training Consultant

there is no danger that losing the services of these men temporarily will create a bottleneck in your section, although it will be inconvenient. The supervisor who made the request is your competitor for promotion to a general supervisor's job that has just opened up. What would you do?

- (a) Turn down the request?
- (b) Lend him the men?
- (c) Tell him to send a formal request to the plant manager?
- (d) Lend him the men and send a memo to the plant manager pointing out how the other supervisor's mistakes caused the bottleneck in the first place?

3. You are head of the accounting department in a large retail store. One morning you walk into your department to find your subordinates clustered about two female employees who are engaged in a heated personal argument. You realize that if you interfere, you may find yourself squarely in the middle of the battle. What action would you take?

- (a) Ask both parties to step into your private office and try to settle the argument?
- (b) Order them to return to their desks and finish the dispute after working hours?
- (c) Return to your office and avoid becoming embroiled since the argument concerns personal matters?
- (d) Remain in the background, but have one of the women involved transferred to another department immediately?

4. As foreman in a machine-tool company, you were given a supply of safety goggles which you have neglected to issue to your men. During an inspection tour, the president of the company notices that the employees aren't wearing goggles. Within earshot of your subordinates, he



"This is the first time she has violated a company rule in her five years with the firm."

Illustrations by George Mark



"During an inspection tour, the president of the company notices the employees aren't wearing goggles."

Human Nature Put to Work



Having just given two graduate students field training in the health-education aspects of hospital work, I wondered in what form to put the required final examination. Writing answers to questions would seem an immature chore to these bright young men. How could they be made to put enthusiasm into an oral review that would probe their new knowledge of hospital procedure?

Human nature—or rather the sex differences in it—did it for me. At my suggestion the boys invited two girls from their college to join us at the hospital for a luncheon and thorough sight-seeing tour. Thus I had an excellent chance to watch and listen as each boy, in his rôle of host and escort, strove to make a winning impression on the pretty girl of his choice. The girls knew why they were there. This further stimulated each boy to do his best. All five of us enjoyed this unusual examination—and both boys passed.

—Rotarian W. W. Knowlton, M. D.
Westfield, Mass.



Leland Wang, distinguished Chinese missionary, went all through Asia lecturing and evangelizing with conspicuous success. At one place, however, his assistant told him that he had failed to sell a single copy of the Gospels they had brought with them. Wang got an audience together, looked around to see how many people were there, then said that he would sell the volumes on three conditions: The first was that nobody should have two—there weren't enough to go around twice anyway; the second was that children couldn't have them—there were about enough adults to take the lot; the third was that no one who couldn't read could have one. Nobody wanted to confess he couldn't read. He sold the lot.

—Rotarian Stuart Perry
Wellington, New Zealand

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

demands to know the reason. Should you—

(a) Tell him you were busy on production matters and thought the assistant foreman had issued them?

(b) Admit publicly that you were in error?

(c) Say nothing in front of the men, but later on admit to the president in private that you were in error?

(d) Explain that the goggles weren't issued because you know from past experience the men would refuse to wear them on the grounds that they are uncomfortable?

5. You are sales manager for a food concern and one of your salesmen complains that another salesman who has been with the firm a shorter time has been given a better territory. You try to explain that there is little difference between the two territories, but he refuses to be convinced and finally accuses you of playing favorites. What would you do?

(a) Tell him you have final say in such matters and point out that if he doesn't agree with your decision, he is welcome to resign?

(b) Fire him on the spot?

(c) Avoid further argument and agree to reassign the territories?

(d) Offer to appear with him before the head of the firm for a discussion of the difference of opinion?

6. The office manager in charge of the stenographic department in a credit agency intends to resign in order to get married. As head of the firm, you are faced with the problem of choosing her successor. Finally you narrow down the field to three employees in the department. One girl's outstanding quality is her efficiency as a stenographer. A second girl is a competent stenographer, although not as fast as the first. But she is the only college graduate in the department. A third girl, accurate but slower than the first two, commands the most respect and gets cooperation from co-workers. Whom would you choose?

(a) The fastest stenographer?

(b) The girl with the college degree?

(c) The third girl who knows how to handle people?

(d) Someone from the outside?

7. As shipping supervisor for a drug manufacturer, you have been forced to reprimand a young shipping clerk for "laying down" on the job. What action, if any, should you take after reprimanding him?

(a) Make it clear you're going to

keep your eye on him and be tough in the future?

(b) Look for the first sign of improvement in his work and praise him?

(c) Invite him out for a cup of coffee and a heart-to-heart talk?

(d) Say nothing to him unless you're forced to?

8. You are head of an advertising agency and have given strict orders that employees' personal calls, incoming and outgoing, are to be made from a pay station in the lobby so that the office telephones will be left free for business calls. One noon you return from lunch to find your secretary at the office phone discussing a new dress. This is the first time she has violated a company rule in her five years with the firm as far as you know. Would you:

(a) Remind her of the rule against personal calls?

(b) Ignore the infraction by pretending you did not overhear the call?

(c) Eliminate the rule against personal calls?

(d) Act displeased for the rest of the afternoon so she'll get the point?

9. As president of an export-import firm, you are approached by an employee who seeks your opinion on what to do about his mother-in-law, who has moved in with him and is creating family difficulties. Would you:

(a) Tell him that though you're his boss, you're not concerned with his personal problems?

(b) Listen to the facts and give him your opinion as to the proper course of action?

(c) Listen and ask questions, but let him reach his own conclusions and make his own decision?

(d) Pat him on the back sympathetically and assure him that everyone has problems?

10. You are public-relations director for a dairy-products company and have just hired a new assistant. You give him an assignment that should take two weeks to complete. Several days go by and although he hasn't bothered to consult with you or ask questions, he appears to be hard at work. Should you—

(a) Let him continue without interruption and assume that he'll ask for help if he wants it?

(b) Ask him how he's doing, and if he replies that he's getting along well, allow him to continue alone?

(c) Suggest you'd like to go over the work he's already done with him?

(d) Ask another employee in the department to check up "secretly" on the new assistant's work and report back to you?

Titans of Timber

*For big trees—and men—
look to the U.S. West*

By ROYAL BROUGHAM

*Newspaperman, Columnist;
Rotarian, Seattle, Wash.*

"Timberrrrrrrrr!"

The traditional cry of the colorful lumberjack, westward wanderer for 300 years, still echoes strong and clear from the deep green hillsides of the Pacific slope.

This is the story of big trees, earth's oldest living things. Up in America's Northwest corner, Rotary International will assemble in Seattle, Washington, next year in a setting of big timber, snow-clad mountains, and a vast maritime empire.

This stronghold of Rotary is a fast-growing, dynamic region where timber trees are the hallmark of progress. But here an old industry has a new look—a forest industry which in the States of Washington and Oregon alone provides the people of the United States with lumber for a million homes each year, and furnishes one-sixth of the country's pulp and paper, 90 percent of its wood shingles, and virtually all the softwood plywood it uses annually.

Even the hard-fighting, hard-drinking rough-and-ready logger has changed.

Shades of Paul Bunyan, he even

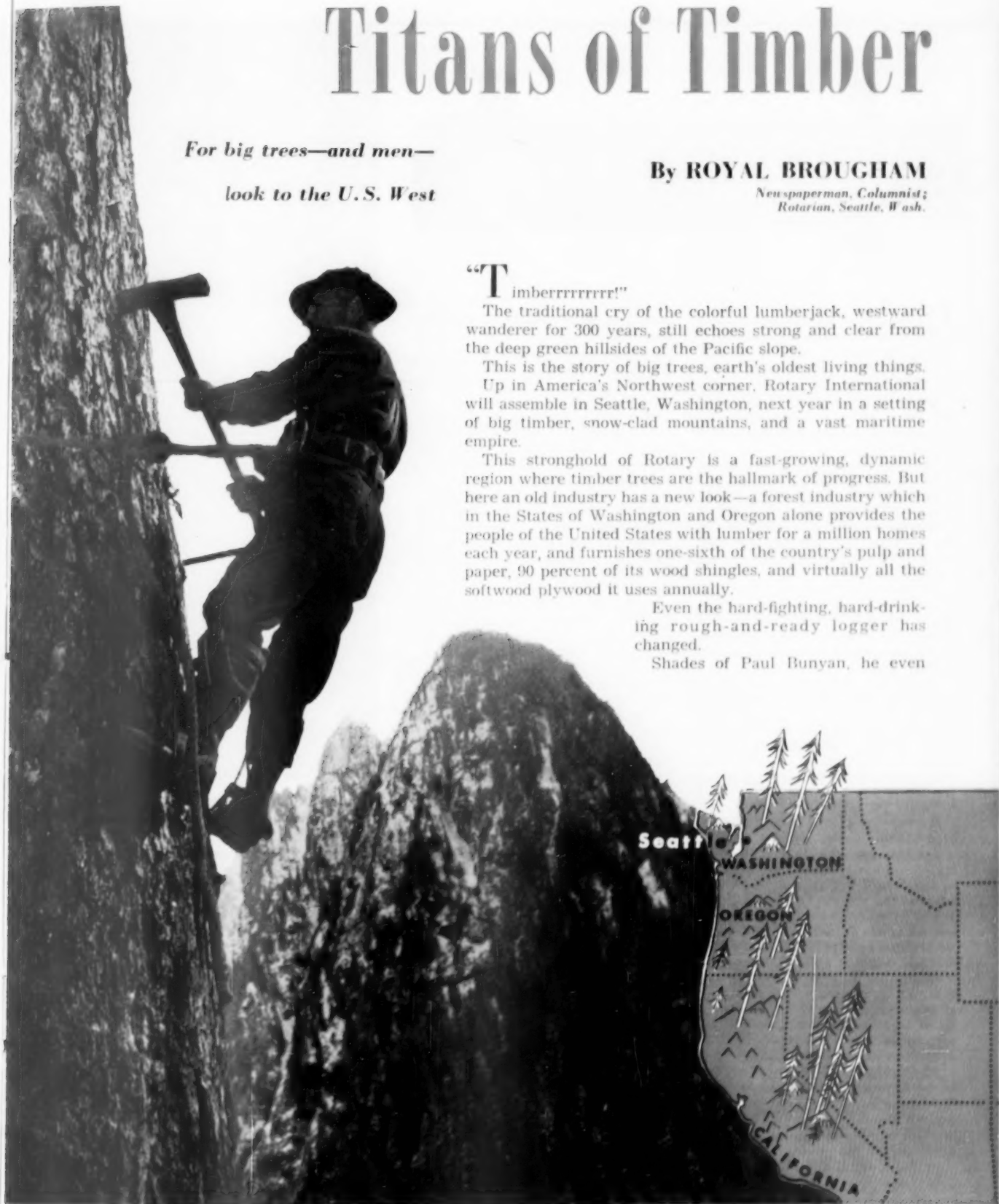


Photo: Seattle Times

ROTARY GROVE

THERE IS, on the northwest shore of California, a land whose patrimony belongs to the ages. Here tower redwood trees which knew earth before the Shepherd's Star, were forests primeval at the time of the Crusades, and were finishing a generation of centuries ere Columbus landed . . . the oldest living things.

The thought of a memorial grove deep in this Redwood Empire had been close to the heart of Harvey B. Lyon, of Oakland, since that day in 1945 when his son Bruce had died in the B-24 he was piloting over Germany. Bruce Lyon always had loved the great trees.

And it seemed to many other California Rotarians that their Clubs might likewise fittingly dedicate a grove of these patriarchs so that men could meditate in the cathedral hush of their shade.

Thus it was done. On a morning in September, just a bit more than a year ago, a group of 50 Californians journeyed to Prairie Creek State Park, 48 miles north of Eureka, California, there to dedicate two 80-acre redwood shrines—the Rotary Grove and the Bruce Lyon Memorial—to stand inviolate for all time.

Harvey Lyon, himself a Past Governor of the Rotary District (157) in which this was happening, spoke feelingly of the coöperation of Rotarians of California, and all over the world, who had made Rotary Grove a reality. It had been necessary for the California Rotarians to raise \$10,000, which was turned over to the Save the Redwoods League. This, in turn, was matched by a like sum from the State of California, which made possible the acquisition of Rotary Grove. Lyon said that this day Rotary was setting aside "a portion of God's noblest handwork for posterity."

Al Hackim, another Past Governor of the District, remarked on the spiritual heights of the dedication, and praised Harvey Lyon, Al Tate, Walter Helms, Rilea Doe, Kelton Steele, and other Rotarians for their work in

raising funds for Rotary Grove. Aubrey Drury, secretary of the Save the Redwoods League, congratulated the District, adding that "these templed trees belong to the silence of the millenniums."

"It would be a singularly unresponsive soul which could remain unimpressed by the redwoods," noted Dr. Holland F. Burr, Oakland minister and Rotarian in the dedicatory address. "They stimulate reverence, wonder, and awe—and are an ever-living inspiration. . . . Why despair, then? God took over 2,000 years to make these redwoods. . . . God is not in a hurry. Why should we be? Quietly as the growth of a redwood forest, events have occurred through the centuries—and will occur in the future. These great trees are scarred by fire and storm, but they carry on. Let that be an example."

A few minutes later, Harvey Lyon unveiled a granite shaft, donated anonymously by Berkeley Rotarians, upon which is carved the Rotary wheel and an inscription: "Dedicated by the Rotarians of California and the California State Park Commission." In honor of the memory of his brother Bruce, Dr. Ted Lyon, a Rotarian of Orinda, sang *Trees and I Heard a Forest Praying*. A prayer for world peace, voiced in this deep forest silence, concluded the dedication.

Later that day the Lyon family and friends dedicated the near-by Bruce Lyon Memorial Grove—a holding acquired by themselves under separate arrangement.

As Redwood Highway 101 winds northward from Eureka through the monarchs of Prairie Creek State Park, the traveller will see a number of signs bearing the names of donors who have given that some of earth's noblest stands may be spared for generations yet unborn. Among these will be "Rotary Grove" and "Bruce Lyon Memorial."

—Text by Chet Schwarzkopf;
photos by Oscar Swanlund
—Rotarians of Eureka, Calif.



The shaft donated by Berkeley Rotarians just after its unveiling in ceremonies during which Ted Lyon (below) sang in memory of his brother.



wears a tin hat as a safety measure! His time-honored ax and crosscut saw are virtually extinct. Felling is almost entirely with gasoline-powered chain saws. The former "timber beast" is gone. Most loggers are family men, living in town. Where operations make the camps necessary, the company provides quarters and cuisine often superior to that available in town, and at less cost.

But there have been other and more important changes.

There is the new breed of woods worker that has come up in the past decade: the forester, college trained in tree growing and forest protection. The Tree Farm marks a new era in planning timber crops for future years. The magic wrought in forest-industry processes, as well as forest-management techniques, is a giant stride forward on a bold course of self-sufficiency in raw material.

Mills of this area are organizing "show tour" programs so that visiting Rotarians from all over the world will be able to see spectacular big-timber logging, great lumber-manufacturing plants, the highly productive paper industry, busy plywood and panel mills, and other intriguing examples of an industrial family that employs 80,000 in the State of Washington alone, with a product value of about 850 million dollars a year.

Of course the trees themselves, the size of their enormous trunks and their towering heights, are an eye-popping sight for tourists. There is the roadside trunk of a great Western red cedar between Seattle and Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, on Highway 99. A huge arch has been hewn in the proud old forest giant, so wide that automobiles turn off to drive through it. Invariably the skeptical big car owner stops 100 feet beyond, walks back to see by a closer examination that it isn't a phony. He shares the wonder of the man exclaiming at his first look at a giraffe, "There aint no such animal!"

Rotarian visitors will be intrigued by the romance of the newest idea in forestry, the Tree Farm.*

This movement was born just

before the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. In the little town of Montesano in the southwest part of Washington, a country editor, a forester, and a timber-company executive were discussing the then revolutionary idea that timber could be grown as a crop. They well knew that logging had changed from the ruthless business of early days when this great natural resource was squandered.

The idea of Tree Farms originated then and there. It caught on fast. It has spread to 4,500 forest tracts in 36 States, totalling nearly 29 million acres.

Harry E. Morgan, Past Presi-

LIFE can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards.

—SOREN KIERKEGAARD
Danish Philosopher

dent of the Rotary Club of Longview, Washington, who heads the largest Tree Farm in the State for the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, explains the plan:

"The land is best suited to growing trees, so why not grow trees permanently? Why take chances on natural second-growth timber coming along properly for the future? It is much better to promote and encourage full crops of young trees on lands owned by the industries and other individuals. This is a major battle in the fight to perpetuate the forests. Within the foreseeable future, our forests will be on a sustained-yield basis for the first time in history."

Trees forever! That is the goal.

Another dramatic fight to save the trees, and the wildfolk which continue their unrelenting battle for survival in the forest wilderness, is the war on the old enemy, fire.

On an August day in 1933, a green log yarded over a dry windfall threw the spark that exploded into the great Tillamook fire in Oregon. Timber valued at 20 million dollars—12½ billion feet on 300,000 acres—was destroyed. This is just one of many disastrous fires which threatened the very existence of our woodlands.

But thanks to courageous and intelligent men dedicated to fighting this menace, plus better equipment, better roads, short-wave radios, private lookout stations, airplanes, and a slogan, forest fires are being licked.

The slogan, "Keep Washington Green," became a symbol of fire-prevention education. It has spread to other States from coast to coast.

The intrepid "fire eater" who parachutes from a plane into the roaring inferno of a burning forest with equipment strapped to his back has contributed no more than the motorist, the fisherman, hunter, and camper who has learned the first rule of the outdoors: "Put out that cigarette; extinguish every spark of that camp-fire!"

Operators of logging camps have cooperated to the extent of closing down their operations for weeks at a time during "fire weather."

The grass-roots education campaign against forest fires which is going ahead in 34 States has been paying off handsomely to the people . . . fewer fires and less acreage burned despite doubled and tripled traffic in and use of the woods.

Getting back to that young collegian, the forester: he looms big in the picture. Technically educated in the art of growing and managing tree crops at the University of Washington and other institutions, he is filtering into all phases of the industry—logging, milling, research, and development. Some already are in the top management bracket. Trained minds are invaluable as industry gears its future to new crops being grown deliberately and systematically to supply the mills.

Washington and Oregon lumber leaders take seriously not only their timber-growing job, but also the chore of convincing the people in the Pacific Northwest that their Number One bread-winner industry is here to stay.

It used to be the studied opinion of experts that a century of lumber cutting would wash up a lumber mill. That theory has exploded. Reason: timber by-products loom so large in the manufacturing picture that the various branches of forest-borne industries are [Continued on page 49]

* See *Trees at Work*, by Robert M. Hyatt, THE ROTARIAN for September, 1952.

Annual Report 1953

Camp, Inc.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



THE BIG ELM is bare now, and cold Autumn winds howl around the trim buildings in the woods. Yet 251 children scattered over a city of 325,000 look back to the place as the recent scene of the warmest friendship, freest fun, and shiniest sunshine they ever knew. No wonder, maybe. This is the Rotary Sunshine Camp of Rochester, New York—and they were there last Summer. If Rotarians of Rochester were to issue a brochure reporting on their Camp, it might look something like this . . . which we issue for the reading of all who love children—and more especially for all who love to help the handicapped ones in their towns.

The Scratched Man



ANY DAY now Earl T. Gruendike, factory superintendent, will start knocking on doors in Rochester, New York. In his hands he'll have 477 tickets to a play. Before he's through he'll have sold every one of those pasteboards. Thus he will have beaten, by at least one, his record of a year ago, when he sold 476 tickets to *John Loves Mary*.

Earl won't be hitting the pavements just to make sure that a lot of people see the talented Rochester Community Players put on a good play. Not principally. No, principally, he and his 495 fellow Rotarians will be out pushing tickets to guarantee that their Rotary Sunshine Camp will reopen its gates next Spring and again joyously welcome some 250 children who can't get into other camps—because of some handicap. Sure, the play's the thing on the nights it is given—but for these topnotch Ro-



tary salesmen it is really the means to the west end of Durand-Eastman Park on Lake Ontario, where stands their Sunshine Camp.

I had a brief look at this camp last July. I strolled its 13 green acres, poked around in its seven fine buildings, chatted with its friendly staff of 24 nurses, doctors, counsellors, and cooks, and played with the kids. I thought it an interesting twist that while at most camps doctors have to certify that every child who comes in is 100 percent physically fit, here at this one Rochester's city health officer, Rotarian Dr. Albert D. Kaiser, had to certify that every child wasn't. And then I thought how little you noticed the braces, crutches, and backs that didn't grow as they should have. These youngsters had come here for two to eight weeks to forget

these things. They had come to play—and play they did!

The laddie in the wheel chair umpiring the baseball game—his early fear of the batted ball banished by the exhilarating new feeling of authority. . . . The boy chained by his weakened heart counting the stars on his first camp-out and telling his counsellor, "I never knew there were so many." . . . The frail little girl who had gained six pounds in two weeks and who'd begun to talk of diets. This was the *why* of it. The *how* I soon was to get.

"This isn't legally a Rotary project at all. A corporation, which we call Camp Corporation

ANNUAL REPORT

(Continued)



Little Gail Wusnick finds her crutch is a restful chin prop.

Rotarian Wm. Stackel and the "fire chief" entertain a load of campers—without benefit of any blazes.

for short, operates it." This was Club President Randall G. Satterwhite talking. I'd asked him and a little group of other Rotarians who were out at the camp that day just how it all started, how it was set up. And this is what I learned:

It all began in 1917 when the Rochester Club, like so many other Rotary Clubs the world over, became interested in crippled children. It established the Rochester Convalescent Home for Children, which proved so successful that in 1923 the Community Chest took it

over and still operates it—a good example of how Rotary works.

That left Rochester Rotarians without a handicapped-child project. This didn't seem right—so they looked about for another. They found it in this: The Board of Education had built a special school for the handicapped, but, like all public schools, it closed during July and August; physicians felt some of the little patients lost too much ground treatment-wise during this hiatus.

So, with the cooperation of the Rochester Park Board and the School Board,

the Club leased for \$10 a year an old, vacant, private home in Durand-Eastman Park together with the 13 acres of ground. That was the beginning of the Rotary Sunshine Camp.

It thrived, and some years later, with the assistance of the Works Progress Administration arranged through the city government, an administration building and staff house were built, and Rotarians dug into their pockets to construct another dormitory. By this time, however, advances in medical science had, to a degree, rendered the camp ob-



It's a gain! Daily checkups on the nurse's scale are part of routine.



Experience guides untrained hands in the camp's woodshop, part of the craft work.



Archery is among the favorite sports at the Sunshine Camp, one in which most can perform.



solete. Enrollments fell off as surgical and postsurgical improvements obviated the need for convalescent nursing care. The Club then turned to the city health office, which advised shifting from the

"crippled" child to the "handicapped" child, a move which broadened the area of service.

Meantime, financing raised its obstinate head. Prior to the depression, all operating money had come from Rotarians' pockets. Now other means of financing became imperative. C. A. ("Pink") Morgan and several other Rotarians who also were members of the Rochester Community Players, suggested the two groups try to solve their money problems jointly.

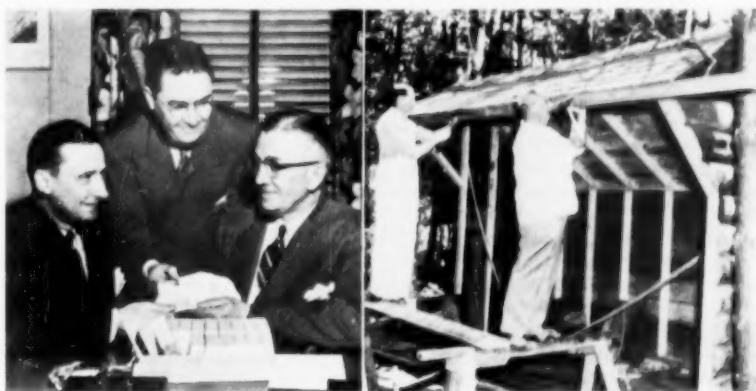
Then ten years old, this nonprofit "little theater" group was producing six shows annually. It agreed to stage a play, with Rotarians sponsoring it by selling tickets and doing all publicity. Financial arrangements finally developed into a payment by the Rotary Club of \$250 a performance up to six performances, \$100 after that.

The first year (1933) the Rotary-sponsored play ran six performances and netted \$2,200 for the Sunshine Camp. Last Spring the 20th Rotary-sponsored play, *John Loves Mary*, ran 28 days and netted \$17,189—enough, as usual, to pay all camp operating expenses. As for capital expenditures, this is the kind of thing that happens: Back in 1951 the Camp Corporation had \$65,000 as the result of gifts from many people. It voted to build a new physiotherapy building. Just as the contract was let, in came a bequest for \$97,000 "for building purposes only"—and the new structure is known today as the J. Milnor and Margaret Walmsley Building, after its donors. Thus the Camp Corporation—whose 15 members are one and the same as the 15 Directors of the Rochester Rotary Club—did not have to touch the original \$65,000 and have, in fact, run it up into \$100,000 invested in sound stocks and bonds.

Rochester is a big Rotary Club and an old one (1911) and it has a half dozen other major projects on which it spends another \$12,000 a year. Still I sort of got the feeling that this Rotary Sunshine Camp out north of town—which is fairly typical of the dozens of Rotary Sunshine Camps—is the pet of the fellows in Rochester. And I know for sure that any day now Earl Gruendike, Gus Mertz, Howard Jones, Hank Rohr, and all the rest will pick up a bunch of tickets and start knocking on doors all over Rochester. . . .



Straight shooters. Handicaps don't matter on the camp's rifle range, this new addition to the program attracting an eager clamor of "Can we shoot today"? all Summer.



Ticket sales mean many campers, so George Benedict, Charles Scott, and Everett Smith start an all-out drive.

D. H. Benham and George H. Stothart donate some perspiration in addition to selling tickets for Sunshine Camp funds.

Photos: Al Reed, Rochester Democrat and Chronicle; Massowar



No Sunshine Camp season would be complete without at least one meeting of the men whose efforts in ticket sales and plain hard work make the camp a reality.

Loss Leaders?

When a merchant sells an item at a loss to lure trade, that item is a "loss leader." It's an old, universal, and widespread practice . . . now forbidden by law in some places but not in others. Is there any ethical consideration in the loss-leader idea? Any matter of good or bad business? To find out what Rotarians think we asked ten of them—with this result. We present their views less as a debate-of-the-month than as a symposium of slightly varied views on a question in the field of Vocational Service. Your comments will be welcome.—Editors.

Abolish Them by Law

*Asks Alan P. Brander
Drug Retailer
Wallaceburg, Ont., Canada*

LOSS leaders are not fair to the customer. They are not fair to the manufacturer. They are not fair to the merchandiser.

The Four-Way Test will not let a Rotarian follow the practice of the loss leader. The practice has pretty well died out in Canada except in isolated instances. Most men who have been in business, as we have, for many years realize that a good business is built on goodwill, honesty, and service. Trickery and cheap tactics will not build a good permanent foundation for any business. Any customers that might be attracted will not become permanent customers because in their own minds they will be suspicious of everything sold in that type of store.

I think that loss leaders should be abolished by law. In this way the overnight stand that is run by unscrupulous merchants will be out of business and the honest merchant protected just as he is by law against every other form of robbery.

Our firm has been in business since 1888 and hopes by hard work and vision to be in business many more years. It has been built on an honest business policy and in it there has never been any room for loss leaders.

Inefficient Merchandising

*Believes Rilea W. Doe
Vice-President, Safeway Stores
Oakland, Calif.*

OUR company's policy on loss leaders is very clear. It simply states: "Safeway will not use any product as a loss leader—as a means of luring customers. (Competitive prices, however, shall be met whenever possible.)"

The selling of products below cost—except to prevent spoilage or clear out merchandise—is an anachronism to the principle of retailing. The merchant who seeks to gain a competitive advantage from selling a product as a loss leader quickly finds the allure of such methods nonexistent. And he is soon involved in a price war of his own making. Because business must be competitive the fiction of the advantage of loss-leader selling quickly disappears.

Nor do consumers gain by this practice. In the cash-and-carry grocery business, in which my company operates, net profit has been running less than one cent on each dollar of sales. It is obvious that loss-leader costs must be made up on other products for which the consumer pays more than she should.

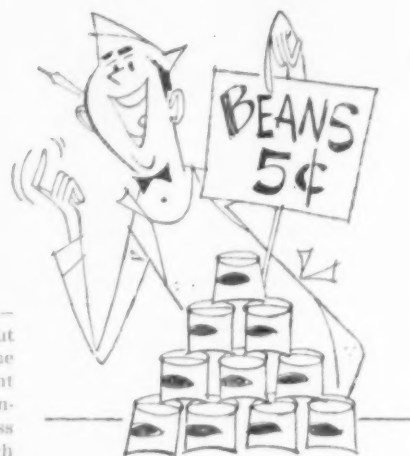
Successful retailers seek new methods which result in greater efficiency. This enables them to reduce prices on all the items of the housewife's food basket. Loss-leader selling is inefficient merchandising and destroys part of the savings that a merchant should pass on to consumers.

Example Tops Law

*Believes Willis C. Dice
Retail Druggist
Williamsport, Pa.*

ITHINK the loss-leader practice should be abolished by law, if necessary, but I really believe more can be accomplished by education and by example, for it is not difficult to understand that no one benefits from this method of merchandising: neither the customer nor the manufacturer nor the merchant.

Though I haven't any idea of how many customers buy only loss leaders when they go into a store, inasmuch as we have never followed the practice in our business, I would guess that a large percentage of them buy the loss leaders and leave to do the rest of their buying elsewhere. I do not agree with those



who hold that loss leaders bring in new permanent customers, for most housewives are too shrewd buyers to be taken in.

I have been in business for more than 40 years, and I firmly believe that a plan of selling good merchandise, providing good service, and realizing a fair profit is the one that pays out—for all concerned. The Four-Way Test has long been our guide, and we intend to follow it in the future.

Cut Rates Cut Throats

*Says Marshall Nicholson
Retail Druggist
Wilcox, Ariz.*

WITH 50 years in the drugstore business in a small town, I can look back on a dozen or more competitors who were a "flash in the pan"—then blinked out. Almost invariably, they started out cutting prices, but ended by cutting their own throats.

Naturally, everyone looks for bargains. When we buy merchandise, we try to get as good a price as we can. But we feel that the manufacturer and the wholesaler should make a fair return on their services to us. And our experience is that our customers likewise think we are entitled to a profit adequate to keep us in business and, perhaps, to lay something aside for the rainy day.

Cities are impersonal. You go to a corner store and are waited on by a stranger. But in small communities,

DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH

everyone knows everyone else. A druggist is, I think, especially close to his customers. He hears all about their aches and their pains. If he is sympathetic, understanding, and fair, he will build up a clientele that is loyal. Perhaps they will take advantage of loss leaders at a new competitor's counter, but they rely upon and give most of their trade to the man who they know has treated them fairly through the years. And the man who has offered "gyp" prices on a few items to lure them in presently must close his doors because he can't run on merchandise sold at a loss.

State Laws Discourage Them

*Says Sidney H. Woodcock
Retail Druggist
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho*

ONLY on obsolete or discontinued items am I in favor of loss leaders, and then only after the manufacturer has been given the opportunity to replace.

Under "fair trade," prices, as set by the manufacturer on a majority of the items sold today, barely cover the overhead even in efficiently operated stores. The loss on loss leaders has to be made up either by overcharge on standard or promotion of substandard merchandise. In a congested or transient area such a business undoubtedly could be successful, but in a business conducted in a sparse, established community and dealing with friends and neighbors—no.

I speak from experience, having been in the retail drug business more than 43 years, and having obtained my early training with an establishment that might advertise a dollar item (always nationally advertised) for as low as 19 cents, but pity the clerk who couldn't switch the majority of his sales to a "long shot" manufactured in the back room.

We are particularly fortunate in northern Idaho in that our population is not congested enough to attract such operations and that we have State laws that discourage it. As a result, our stores are uniformly successful; inventories large, giving our customers the best of service; our sales force well paid and working in modern surroundings.

'Fair Trade' Laws Help, but—

*Observes J. Grant Howard
Stationer
Tucson, Ariz.*

FAIR-TRADE LAWS in the United States were started back in 1931 during the desperate depression days. But a Supreme Court decision two years ago

British Businessmen Are Studying It

When Britain has a problem, like as not the Government issues a "White Paper" charting it and suggesting a solution. So when one came out on resale price maintenance, the Vocational Service Committee of the Rotary Club of St. Annes-on-the-Sea, England, led by J. G. O. Drake, studied it. Here is a condensation of its findings and conclusions.

Definition: Resale price maintenance (RPM) means shopkeepers sell certain goods at prices set by the manufacturer or supplier. (In Britain, if he cuts prices he may be boycotted. His name may appear on a "stop list" of a trade association and he may be unable to buy a wide range of goods.)

The Committee notes, first of all, that production and distribution are as complementary as two blades of a pair of scissors. A ton of coal at the pit head is of little use unless transported to where it will be consumed.

No evidence is available to substantiate the claim that distribution costs are too high. Distributors are as much entitled to a fair reward for their services as are those who produce.

The Committee admits it is just and proper to operate collective measures to ensure that labor shall be sold at (or above) specified prices (wages) under collective bargaining. Manufacturers likewise are entitled to a minimum reward for services in providing goods. Long practical experience shows this best can be achieved in a similar manner—agreeing with their customers on minimum prices.

Penalties enforce compliance with agreed trade-union rates of pay. Why should there not be penalties also for failure to observe RPM agreements? Without them, there could be price cutting with its vicious evils.

The Committee believes it oversimplifies the problem to say "competition should be free," that differences in costs of doing business between one retailer and another should be reflected in prices to the public, because:

1. Retailers are entitled to retain

at least some savings effected on trading costs as a necessary incentive to better management. The seller should himself decide whether this is to be passed on to his customers to get increased turnover and greater profits or whether he should retain some or all of such savings and be content with the existing volume of business.

2. Probably less than half of the goods retailed are RPM merchandise. Gross margins on these (which have no competition in prices) help finance cheaper prices for the bulk of the goods, which are sold under free competition. Profits on one article offset losses on another.

The alternative to this plan is rigid planning by the Government of the whole distributive system, under which the public would lose freedom of choice.

The Committee questions the White Paper's assumption that full employment and a seller's market are permanent. It is inclined to think that necessary association of full employment with a high level of demand is dangerous theory—unless production not only continues to increase but is done more efficiently. Evidence indicates the current high level of demand is too inflationary to last.

The Committee infers that abolition of RPM is favored by coöperative societies. But it notes they have their own unique method of cutting prices through "dividends." So if no prices are maintained, competitors of the coöperatives would be able to cut them over the whole range of their sales.

The Committee concludes its study with two recommendations:

1. No action should be taken which would deprive a producer of the power to prescribe and enforce resale prices on goods bearing his brand.

2. But producers should not be allowed to combine against their customers to deprive the public of benefits of improvements in distribution or to take action contrary to public interest.

To ensure this, a Council of Distributors, Retailers, and Consumers might be set up under the Board of Trade. It would ventilate grievances and make reports and recommendations to the Board of Trade.

so weakened fair trade in 45 States that new Congressional legislation was required to make them effective again. And they fill a need.

Most trade associations, I believe, favor them. During my term as president of the National Stationery and Office Equipment Association, we endorsed fair trade. But my observation is that interest in such legislation is declining

both at the retailer and at the customer level.

In Arizona, for example, we have a fair-trade law, but it applies to very few items sold over our counters. Our store subscribes to and follows lists worked out as fair by experts of a regional pricing service, for which we pay. And when I say "fair," I mean fair to everyone—manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer,

and customer. If some competitor down the street cuts his prices, that's his own lookout. He just can't do it very much or very long or he won't stay in business.

Perhaps it once was true that large stores under unscrupulous management would massacre small competitors by selling at a loss. But if so, I think there is less of that than formerly, not only because of a growing acceptance of ethics in business, but because the little fellow has discovered that he, like David of old, has his own competitive weapons. He is learning to buy better, often through an association, and he is discovering he can give a personal service that larger competitors, no matter how they try, cannot give as well.

Offensive to Moral Thinking

*Thinks Bernard J. Bush
Drug Retailer
Garberville, Calif.*

LOSS leaders are only effective in their ulterior purposes when they are destroying the trade name, reputation, and goodwill of an accepted product of a known manufacturer. The product must represent to the public a definite quality and value identified by the trade-mark, thereby making it of ready acceptance to the purchaser. If the trade-mark is removed, it no longer is attractive to the loss-leader specialist as it then becomes just merchandise with a low price. Can such destructive, irresponsible practices that create disorder in an ordered society be universally adopted without reaping the harvest of distrust and hatred flowing from the irrational premise that the end justifies the means?

Loss leaders as a means of attracting customers are as offensive to moral thinking and charity and justice as a stacked deck, loaded dice, or a magnetic wheel, as they imply of themselves a means to ensnare the unwary so that they may eventually be fleeced in some manner—for the activation of the whole scheme is eventually to enrich the promoter.

The best regulation or laws to protect the ethical and honest merchant who is rendering a service to his customers will be found in the hearts of men who have a true faith in human dignity and practice charity and justice.

Not Fair to All Concerned

*Thinks R. A. Wagner
Typewriter Retailer
San Angelo, Tex.*

SINCE Texas does not have a fair-trade law, the question of loss leaders

is a big one in my State. Any merchant using this method of doing business is bound to make it up by selling other items above a normal mark-up. Therefore to me it is not ethical and certainly tends to make a merchant careless of his ethics when he does business. Just staying within the law is his only concern. The buying public has upheld him in the practice—driving across town to buy a dollar item at 89 cents and purchase one or two other dollar items at \$1.02, brands or makes they never heard of. They feel guilty at taking the merchant for a loss on one item; they forget that they're spending 20 cents' bus fare or 25 cents' car expense to gain 11 cents on the advertised dollar item for 89 cents. In the end, the merchant has made up his loss on other items, and the customer is the loser. To make a fair profit, an ethical merchant must tell the truth, be fair to his customers, to his employees, and to himself. If his own conscience stops serving as the policeman, then the public, in my opinion, needs fair-trade laws to restrain him.

I have been in one line of business for more than 40 years. During that time it has been an absolute must with me to tell the truth about my merchandise and give 100 percent plus in goods and services. I am happy to say that I am still in business. I have not made a fortune, but I have many friends. I sleep well at night, and I have seen many competitors move away when they have opened on a loss-leader or cut-price basis. You cannot blame the customers for buying nationally advertised merchandise at less than cost, but the merchant who sells it is not just—to himself, his customers, his manufacturer, nor his own employees. It is not the truth, nor is it fair to all concerned.

A Bad Practice

*Believes Henry C. Heal
China and Glass Retailer
Bellingham, Wash.*

WHEN I first went to work in the mercantile business, which is some 50 years ago, I knew a concern which used the loss-leader practice very extensively. It was quite common to advertise for sale "prints" (printed calico) at 2 cents a yard, ten yards to one person only, sale opening at some stated time and continuing as long as the "supply" permitted. The prints were of the poorest quality, usually sold at 5 cents a yard, and the "supply" was regulated by the concern selling them and based upon the quantity sold. The slowest clerks were placed in charge of this "sale" and all other clerks were instructed to "lay off" on the sale of these prints, but to sell the

customers everything they possibly could, and the prices obtained for the other merchandise was supposed to compensate for the loss on the prints. It was an advertising stunt just to get customers into the store without any genuine idea of giving real bargains.

The result was that the store's customers became bargain hunters and would only buy when they thought the price had been reduced, which of course led to further undesirable methods, such as marking up the sale price and then reducing it to that particular customer. It was to my way of thinking unethical and most undesirable.

Truth in merchandising is just as requisite as in other lines of business and loss leaders are a start toward untruthfulness in business. Everyone knows that a merchant must make a profit to stay in business, and if he sells something at a loss, he must be making it up in some other way and on some other article. In the long run the customer usually finds this out. In my opinion the loss-leader business is decidedly bad practice.

Not Sound-Business Basis

*Asserts James D. O'Hara
Supermarket Proprietor
University City, Mo.*

USE of loss leaders is a method of retailing that will always exist in the retail business. Legislation to prevent it has proved to be inadequate due to the difficulty of enforcement and the difference in the definition of a loss leader.

To me, a loss leader is any item sold below the price paid to the supplier. I am opposed to such methods of sales appeal; I use them only when forced by competition into a price war.

If a business is run properly, loss leaders are not needed. My personal experience shows that 75 percent of customers trade with a store which is convenient and gives good service, and provides merchandise that is needed and is fair in price. Customers aren't stupid and they know that if a store loses money on one item, it will have to make it up on another item.

Loss leaders given with coupons cut out of advertisements are definitely "not fair to all concerned." They penalize the regular customers who do not read the ads and give the bargain to the "shoppers" who may or may not be regular customers.

It is my belief that sound business cannot be built on price alone. People will be regular customers when they are given the right merchandise at the right time and at the right price. In my business policy, quality and service both rate above low price.

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Automatic Water Timer.** A little low-priced gadget makes it possible for the homeowner to turn on the water for lawn-sprinkling purposes and have it turned off automatically after any ten-minute interval up to one hour. You can now forget your sprinkler and still not waste the water.

■ **Attic Fan.** We are all familiar with the ventilating fan in the attic which blows out hot air and draws in cooler air from the basement or outside. An improvement on this old idea consists of a high-speed electric blower which fits in a right-angle air-control stack. The stack is tapped into a ventilating duct which extends from the kitchen ceiling to the roof in most single-story homes. It fits any duct six inches or more in diameter. The blower, because of its speed, creates an updraft from the kitchen and adjacent rooms, thus ridding the attic of hot air and decreasing the room temperatures up to 15 degrees. In the Winter the fan furnishes the maximum of fresh air with a minimum of temperature decline.

■ **Surface-Temperature Thermometer.** Now available is a little thermometer that gives an exact reading through four different ranges—from zero to 370 degrees Fahrenheit. By means of the silicone grease which is supplied, the thermometer can be easily stuck on any surface, walls, pressure cookers, refrigerators, ovens, etc. The temperature can be quickly determined.

■ **Longer-Lasting Rubber.** The deterioration in natural and many types of synthetic rubber comes principally from attacks of ozone, a highly active form of oxygen that is present in the atmosphere, though in small quantities. A new synthetic rubber has been found which can be used alone or in blends with natural or other synthetic rubbers and will protect the latter from the effects of ozone more than 1,000 times the concentration normally present.

■ **Flexible Heating Tape.** With a new flexible heating tape, pipes, tubes, or fittings of any kind can be wrapped to prevent freezing and to maintain a desired temperature. It is said to be completely and indefinitely waterproof and unaffected by acid or alkali. Heat is produced in the unit by passing current through fine fuse wires which are protected by fiberglass braid impregnated with polyethylene. Further protection and insulation are provided by a jacket of tough, flame-resistant vinyl-chloride plastic. In event of severe mechanical damage or excessive heating, the circuit will be opened by melting

of fusible conductors without any spark or flame, thus making the tape extremely safe.

■ **Locking Knob.** Now available is a knob that locks and unlocks with a key. It can be installed in a few minutes with a screw driver. The knob comes equipped with two keys for the lock.

■ **Swivel Washers.** Faucet leaks can be instantly stopped with snap-in swivel washers and seats. Neoprene faced, they are said to last 20 times longer than ordinary washers. Not only easily installed, they also save costly faucet replacements.

■ **Neoprene Painting.** After five years of testing under the most severe corrosion conditions, a new system of anticorrosion coating using specially formulated neoprene coatings has been announced. It has resulted in savings up to 50 percent in maintenance painting and coating costs in the testing company's own plant. Since polymerization takes place after the coating is applied, there is no necessity for mixing on the job.

■ **Motor-Driven Chain Saw.** A new chain saw, driven by an electric motor that makes it practically silent in operation, carries a 14-inch cutter bar of the universal type and can be obtained to work on either 110 or 220 volts. The saw blade

can be oiled while in action by the push of a button. Weighing only 16½ pounds, the unit is easy for one man to operate, and seems far superior to chain saws operated by internal-combustion motors.

■ **Plastic Floor Resurfacer.** Just sprinkle a new plastic resurfacing material on the floor, rolling it on to a thickness of one-quarter of an inch or more, and the floor can be used at once. It is considered a solution to the problem of resurfacing old floors.

■ **Hotbox Alarm.** The prevention of the hotbox on railroad-car bearings has always been a major problem for railroads. Now a monitor for car bearings has been developed which automatically sounds a warning alarm whenever dangerous temperatures are reached. This new principle can be applied to any type of bearing. With this system in operation the trouble can be corrected before any damage is done.

■ **Glue in a Pen.** A ball-point dispenser that contains an adhesive instead of ink is now available. It can be carried in the pocket just like a pen. A dab or two from the pen and whatever you want to glue is glued. It works as easily as a ball-point pen containing ink.

■ **Magnet.** A new magnet which looks like a fountain pen and which has been developed for plant, shop, laboratory, and infirmary use is useful in removing steel or iron particles from places where they would do harm. First-aid stations use the magnet to remove steel splinters from the eyes or skin of workers. A spring-backed ball and groove arrangement is provided for retaining the block in one of two positions relative to the housing, so that the magnet is either fully or partially extended. A pocket clip is provided.

■ **Antistatic Spray.** A recently introduced antistatic material is especially suited for spraying on auto-seat covers to cut down the static charge. It is dispensed in a push-button aerosol can.

■ **Insect Killer.** A recently introduced insect killer vaporizes a potent chemical developed from lindane and is said to keep the average-sized house free of flies, moths, and silverfish. It plugs into any ordinary household electric outlet. The odorless chemical is deadly to insects, but is harmless to animals and humans.

■ **Water Repellent.** A water-soluble, non-inflammable, odorless silicone that is supplied with 20 percent silicone-solids content has as its major present use the serving as a component in masonry water repellents. Development work is being conducted for applications, including water repellents for paper products, catalyst preparations, water-repellent aerogels, additives for sodium silicates, and water-base paints.

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Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



A window of plastic in a youngster's umbrella makes for safety when crossing streets on a rainy day. The window is stitched into the umbrella fabric between two ribs of the steel frame.

Speaking of BOOKS

Some 'Northwest passages' to guide you to
Seattle—your next Convention City.

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

WITH the 1954 Convention of Rotary International only half a year away, it's a good time to begin reading about the city of Seattle, Washington—where the reunion is to be held—and about the Pacific Northwest, for most of us will agree that we can add measurably to the rewards of a journey, in pleasure and understanding, by preparing for it through reading. Fortunately there are good books about the Convention city and the region in rich number.

Fresh from the press is a book admirably suited to the reader who wants a general introduction to Seattle, and the Puget Sound country: *Sea in the Forest*, by Archie Binns. Here, in writing of marked vividness and vitality, is the historical background—including the geological history that accounts for the unparalleled landscapes of the region. Here is a broad survey of the region's economic structure. Here, best of all, is something one might call the "feel" of the land and the people, something that will help the visitor to understand and to be at home. It could be achieved only by a writer native to the region—and the Northwest is fortunate in her native writers who have stayed at home—at least in their choice of material.

Also worthy of hearty recommendation is Archie Binns' earlier and briefer book, *Northwest Gateway*. Here the emphasis is on the history of the city of Seattle. That history is traced step by step from the tiny beginnings less than a century ago. The book is written with such verve and warmth that reading it is a positive pleasure.

Nard Jones is another distinguished native writer about the Pacific Northwest. His *Evergreen Land*, published five years ago, is well worth hunting up for its eminently readable description of the region and history of its people. "The trouble is," Jones writes, "western Washington is described accurately only with superlatives." His book has bounce and bite, much humor, candor as well as enthusiasm.



A sketch of the fabulous mythical character Paul Bunyan—he who could log a section of timber in a day. It is from Washington, a book in the American Guide series.

Similar qualities mark the more recent book by Stewart H. Holbrook, *Far Corner*. Holbrook is a Northwesterner by choice; parts of *Far Corner* are autobiographical, telling of the writer's coming to British Columbia to work in logging camps, some 30 years ago, and later moving to Oregon. Holbrook's always-vigorous style serves him well in this at once broadly descriptive and highly personal account of the Northwest.

One of the finest books about the Northwest from a literary standpoint—a book I singled out for special emphasis in this department when it appeared three years ago—is *Of Men and Mountains*, by W. O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Walla Walla, Washing-

ton. Justice Douglas grew up in the Northwest, and much of his boyhood and youth was spent in the mountains—the Cascade Mountains of Washington and the Willowa Mountains in Oregon. This book is made up chiefly of reminiscences. It contains deeply appreciative accounts of wilderness and mountaintop experience, and is in every way a book of distinction.

Probably the best general history of the region—a book which combines authoritative scholarship with good writing, so that reading it is a double pleasure—is *The Great Northwest*, by Oscar Osburn Winther. Idaho, western Mon-

tana, Washington, and Oregon have much history in common. That earlier period and the later decades of separate development are admirably treated here.

History is bound to play a big part in any reading about the Puget Sound country—there's so much of it, it's so exciting and interesting and, comparatively speaking, so recent. A good start in this field—and a book that will amaze you by the pleasure you'll find in the reading—is Washington Irving's *Astoria*, available in any library and in many editions. Of this famous old book, Ray Allen Billington observes in his great study of the whole westward movement, *Westward Expansion: A History of the American Frontier*, that it recounts the beginnings of the American fur trade in the Northwest "in classic and reasonably ac-

curate form." But the overland migration to the Oregon country (the whole Northwest was "Oregon" until the mid-19th Century, and no one knows certainly where the beautiful name came from) exceeds in dramatic appeal even the fur trade which it overlapped. The obvious classic of this migration, Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, is in my personal opinion a much overrated book. Young Parkman was poorly equipped for the journey, both physically and emotionally. Much more to my taste are the much earlier *Journals* of the history-making expedition of Lewis and Clark. As this article goes to press, announcement is made of the forthcoming publication of a one-volume edition of the authentic text of this great narrative, prepared by Bernard De Voto. My knowledge of the *Journals*, and my respect for De Voto as writer and editor, make me feel certain that this will be an invaluable book for all readers who enjoy original narratives of American history, and a rewarding one for prospective travellers to the Northwest. The significance of the Oregon migration to the United States and to the world has been most clearly stated in Mr. De Voto's *The Year of Decision*, one of the landmark books in modern historical writing, and in itself broadly pertinent to the field we are examining. An unusual double biography is *Lewis and Clark*, by John Bakeless, a readable and sound account of the adventurous lives of the two men whose hazardous expedition had such momentous results.

Biography is another good way of getting into the life of a region, of course. I have been especially interested in the development of Seattle as related to the life of one of its most extraordinary citizens, as I read the newly published biography *Counsel for the Damned*, by Lowell S. Hawley and Ralph Bushnell Potts. George Vanderveer was unquestionably one of the most brilliant lawyers who ever practiced in the Northwest, yet he had flaws or conflicts within himself which marred his career and made it exceptionally dramatic. In a crucial period of Seattle's development, during the early decades of the present century, Vanderveer was a major figure in the city's life. The authors of *Counsel for the Damned* have done their work genuinely well. They have treated all phases of Vanderveer's public career candidly and concretely, and in so doing have illuminated much Seattle history. They have refrained from obvious opportunities for sensationalism and exploitation of their material.

The name "Seattle" is finely authentic and regional: the name of an Indian chief, friendly to the whites, who seems to have been a very great man indeed.

Certainly he was a good organizer—in the face of the inevitable pressures upon his people—a clear thinker, a notable poet and orator. Very much to the point, for background reading about the Puget Sound country, is the substantial but readable biography *Chief Seattle*, by Eva Greenslit Anderson. You will find in it, well told, the story of one of the most admirable Indian characters in American history.

• • •

Fiction well deserves a place in the reading of those who are preparing for a visit to the Northwest (as well as for those whose travels will be limited to those of the imagination). It is true of any region that good novels often convey more of the "feel" of the land and the people, give the reader a more valid emotional approach to actual experience, than can any books of factual information, whether historical or descriptive. This is particularly true of the North-

west, for some extremely gifted writers have devoted their best efforts to fictional accounts of the region and its story. Perhaps the first choice would be *The Way West*, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., certainly one of the finest of all the thousands of novels of the westward movement of the American frontier, and matched for its own region only by the same writer's *The Big Sky*.

In *The Way West* we have the "Oregon Trail" story in intensely dramatic and completely authentic terms—the terms of the actual experience of the men and women who rode in the wagons and drove the cattle and were thirsty, exhausted, sick sometimes to death, but undefeated. If you happen never to have read *The Way West*, let me urge you to obtain it and read it, regardless of whether you plan to visit the Northwest or not. If you do, its powerful imaginative recreation of the experience of the pioneers will greatly enrich your jour-



The totem pole, among the Alaskan Indians, perpetuated tribal legends or heroic deeds, as Marius Barbeau recounts in his book, *Alaska Beckons*.

ney. If you don't, you will still find full reward in one of the greatest of American historical novels.

* * *

Looking again at the novel *Winds of Morning*, by H. L. Davis, which I reviewed in this department with high praise not many months ago, I was further impressed by the fact that the Northwest is fortunate in its native writers—and the further fact that their books of fiction hold double value for prospective travellers in the region. This man Davis seems to me one of the best writers of fiction in the United States today. His books live in my memory, both

Both the Washington and the Oregon State Guides—produced a dozen years ago under the Federal Writers' Project—are in print, and both have been carefully corrected and brought up to date: *Washington: A Guide to the Evergreen State* and *Oregon, End of the Trail*. These books, of course, contain in concise form rather detailed historical and descriptive accounts of the region as a whole, the States, and the cities, towns, and subregions. Their maps and detailed touring directions will be very definitely valuable to the traveller by car. Each is, in effect, an encyclopedia for its State, organized in such a way as to be

important towns and cities, parks, etc., within each State. It is designed to be used either with locally obtained maps and travel information or in the anticipatory organization and enjoyment of a journey.

* * *

I wonder how many Convention travellers will extend their journey to include British Columbia and Alaska. I know that I personally was so deeply impressed and excited by the glimpses of British Columbia in Leslie Roberts' *Canada: The Golden Hinge* (recently reviewed with admiration in this department) that I would be reluctant to leave the Northwest without seeing Victoria and Vancouver, and something of the tremendously impressive current development of that mighty Province. And for all of us whose memories go back to the news of Gold Rush days, I suppose Alaska must always hold a special quality of adventure and romance, making it hard for us to realize how comfortably near at hand modern transportation has made it.

Attractive books which offer more than superficial impressions of Alaskan life and people are *Alaska Beckons*, by Marius Barbeau, and *An Artist Sees Alaska*, by Henry Varnum Poor. Marius Barbeau is an eminent Canadian anthropologist; *Alaska Beckons* introduces the reader to the minds and hearts of the native people of Alaska, largely by way of their folklore, their oral traditions, and their achievement in the arts. The book is strikingly illustrated by Arthur Price. Henry Varnum Poor's book is an unpretentious and enjoyable account of an artist's experiences in Alaska, with emphasis on the attractive qualities of the native people. *Alaska Today*, by B. W. Denison, is a broad portrayal of current and potential development of the immense economic resources of Alaska, and of her cities and regions as they are today.

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Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:—*Sea in the Forest*, Archie Blinns (Doubleday, \$3.50).—*Northwest Gateway*, Archie Blinns (Binfords & Mort, Portland, Oreg., \$3).—*Evergreen Land*, Nard Jones (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50).—*Far Corner*, Stewart Holbrook (Macmillan, \$3.75).—*Of Men and Mountains*, William O. Douglas (Harper, \$4).—*The Great Northwest*, Oscar Osburn Winther (Knopf, \$6).—*The Year of Decision*, Bernard DeVoto (Little, Brown, \$3.50).—*Lewis and Clark*, John Bakeless (Morrow, \$5).—*Counsel for the Damned*, Lowell S. Hawley and Ralph Bushnell Potts (Lippincott, \$3.75).—*Chief Seattle*, Eva Greenslit Anderson (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, \$5).—*The Way West*, A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Pocket Books, 25 cents).—*Winds of Morning*, H. L. Davis (Morrow, \$3.50).—*Swift Flows the River*, Nard Jones (Binfords & Mort, \$3).—*Mighty Mountain*, Archie Blinns (Binfords & Mort, \$3.50).—*Washington: A Guide to the Evergreen State* (Binfords & Mort, \$4).—*Oregon: End of the Trail* (Binfords & Mort, \$4).—*The American Guide*, edited by Henry G. Alsberg (Hastings House, \$7.50).—*Guide to America*, edited by Elmer Jenkins (Public Affairs Press, \$5).—*Canada: The Golden Hinge*, Leslie Roberts (Rinehart, \$3.50).—*Alaska Beckons*, Marius Barbeau (Caxton, \$4.50).—*An Artist Sees Alaska*, Henry Varnum Poor (Viking, \$3.50).—*Alaska Today*, B. W. Denison (Caxton, \$5).



The saga of construction of the great network of transcontinental railroads of the U. S. occupies an exciting chapter in *The Great Northwest*, by Oscar Osburn Winther.

in terms of their characters and events and as textures of total experience—of landscape and weather and food and fatigue and exultation. And in both *Winds of Morning* and the earlier *Honey in the Horn* there's great richness of regional experience.

* * *

Of novels definitely historical about the Northwest there are very many. Two of the best of them are the work of writers who have also contributed admirable books of nonfiction, Nard Jones and Archie Blinns. In *Swift Flows the River* Jones has given worthy treatment to the dramatic period of steamboating on the Columbia—one of the world's greatest rivers—a period as colorful in its different fashion as that of Mississippi steamboating. In *Mighty Mountain* Archie Blinns has written a genuinely engrossing novel of the time of the Indian Wars in Washington Territory, with vigorous portrayal of major frontier figures.

* * *

When it comes to actual guidebooks, for the traveller to take along and use on the way, we are especially lucky,

especially helpful to the traveller who wants to obtain the best and fullest reward and pleasure in his journey.

* * *

For those who are travelling by automobile across other parts of the United States to Seattle and the Northwest, Henry G. Alsberg's great *American Guide* will be a most rewarding investment.

It contains maps and road information for the Northwest (as well as for all other parts of the nation). In addition it gives concise historical and descriptive accounts for each city and town; it lists all important points of interest and tells how to get there and what to look for; it contains more than 40 pages of maps, of which that for the Northwest is especially usable. Altogether, the *American Guide* will afford good help in both the planning and the enjoying of a vacation trip to the Northwest—or anywhere else in the United States.

The newly published *Guide to America*, edited by Elmer Jenkins, offers well-written informative articles, alphabetically arranged, on each State and on

PERSONALIA

'Briefs' about Rotarians, their honors and records.

SECOND TEN. SAUL LASKIN, President of the Rotary Club of Port Arthur, Ont., Canada, is a furniture and appliance retailer who knows the Ten Commandments as a guide to a worth-while life. Recently he implemented them with "Ten Commandments of How to Get Along with People" and took a large piece of newspaper advertising space to share them with his fellow citizens. One of them, the third: "Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging thing to or about somebody. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, criticize helpfully, not spitefully." On the advertisement the newspaper commented editorially: "His [SAUL LASKIN'S] unique presentation . . . of this code . . . represented not merely his business sense, but a high type of citizenship which, probably, is not unrelated to the fact that he was chosen by his fellow members of the Rotary Club of Port Arthur to be their President."

Backers. A Rotary Club President can use men of experience when he "takes over" at the beginning of his term of office. FRANK T. FORBES has been for certain in the Rotary Club of Burlington, Kans. When he wields the Presidential gavel every Thursday noon, he knows that of his 37 fellow Burlington Rotarians who suddenly become attentive to what's going on at the head table, 14 of them are Past Presidents of the Club—and all active. The Club was organized in 1937, has had 16 Presidents, one of whom has moved from the community and another of whom is deceased.

Meeting Man. Most Rotarians are happy—and justifiably so—when they can attend all 52 meetings of their own Rotary Club—but JAMES EBY, of West Carrollton, Ohio, surely likes to do even better. And he does, for in one year he attended 307 Rotary meetings, the second year in a row that he had hit that total. It's his hobby, he says, and it pays big dividends in fellowship. There are at least



Eby

seven other Clubs within a 20-mile radius of West Carrollton which ROTARIAN EBY often refers to as his "home Clubs," so regularly is he on hand for meetings. He usually attends six meetings a week. He's a livestock buyer and feeder, and his business keeps him travelling.

Add: State Governors. To the list of U.S.A. Rotarians who serve their States as Governors (see THE ROTARIAN for

April, page 44), add the name of HUGH L. WHITE, now serving his second term of Governor of Mississippi. Now an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Columbia, Miss., he served as its charter President. He is a Past District Governor of Rotary International.

Rotarian Honors. VAL J. PETER, of Omaha, Nebr., recently became the 13th member of his family to hold a college degree when Creighton University awarded him an honorary doctorate of laws. The other 12 degree-holding PETERS are his sons and daughters. . . . JOE DONOFIO, of Phoenix, Ariz., has been elected president of the Arizona Restaurant Association. . . . A gold "T" lapel pin was recently presented to DR. MAU-



Lost in a pre-dawn fire on Friday the 13th: everything but a sense of humor, a priceless possession of M. Brantley Tidmore, a Deming, N. Mex., Rotarian.

RICE A. SCHNITKER, of Toledo, Ohio, by the University of Toledo Alumni Association in recognition of the work he has done for his community and for the University. . . . Upon FOSTER G. MCGAW, of Chicago, Ill., Illinois Wesleyan University has conferred an honorary degree of doctor of humane letters.

Three Not of a Kind. The Rotary Club of Arkadelphia, Ark., has the presidents of three banks on its roster—and, strange as it may seem, not one of them holds the Rotary classification of "banking"! JAMES HORGWOOD is one of them. His classification is "cattle raising." Another bank president is JOHN LOOKABOO, who holds the "corporation law" classification.

A world tour for the D. B. Avari family of Karachi, Pakistan, includes a brief stop at Rotary's world headquarters in Chicago. Here they are in the Paul Harris Room, viewing the many mementos of Rotary's Founder. Their guide is H. A. Stewart (center), a member of the headquarters staff.



United Press Newspictures

To Edward L. Ryerson, industrialist (center), goes the annual Merit Award of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill. Presenting it are 1952-53 Club President H. D. Hughes (right) and Andrew Dallstream, Awards Jury chairman.

The third is CECIL CUPP, Governor of Rotary's 201st District. His classification is "motion-picture theaters."

Reunion. It's always satisfying to be among old friends. And for WALTER D. SHULTZ, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Past Third Vice-President of Rotary International, it was no exception when he walked into a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Springfield, Ohio, to bring details of Rotary's Paris Convention. On hand to greet him were eight Past Governors and one present Governor of Rotary International—all Ohioans. Included were COLIN C. CAMPBELL, of Washington Court House; WILLIAM A. MILLER, of Xenia; GEORGE M. WADDELL, of Greenfield; KENNETH R. SYMONS, of Piqua; BERT F. DOWNEY, of Springfield; ROBERT R. BANGHAM, of Wilmington; E. A. BAKER, of Cincinnati; and ROBERT D. HUGHES, of Dayton. The present Governor is JAMES M. BELL, of London.

Experienced. Rotarians of Newberry, S. C., think their Club recently established some kind of record when it inducted into membership on the same day two men who had served as Presidents of other Rotary Clubs. They were HOWARD KIRKGAARD, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Siler City, N. C., and THOMAS BROWN, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Avon, N. Y.

Add: Unusual Classifications. AMBROSE BROWNELL, President of the Rotary Club of Oregon City, Oreg., wonders if he doesn't hold the only Rotary classification of its kind in the world: holly growing. He's held [Continued on page 60]



Rotary REPORTER

Brief Items on Club Activities around the World

Add Notes Re: Aid to Berlin

TO WEST BERLIN, GERMANY, has gone thousands of pounds of clothing sent by Rotary Clubs to help clothe refugees entering that sector of the city, and a part of this relief story was told in *How Those Boxes Helped* (THE ROTARIAN for September). Here are some additional instances of such aid by Clubs that responded to appeals from BERLIN and the International Rescue Committee. In SYLACAUGA, ALA., the Rotary Club enlisted the help of school children in collecting clothing for its



This \$150 adjustable wheel chair belongs to the schools of Great Falls, Mont.—a gift of the local Rotary Club. Raymond L. Wirth (second left), Club President, is presenting the chair to Mrs. Donald DeWitt, head of an organization for handicapped children. The happy girl seated in it fortunately doesn't need to use it at all—she is merely posing for the photographer.

BERLIN relief campaign. . . . Rotary Clubs in District 158 (part of California) donated \$2,173 that was sent to the International Rescue Committee, in addition to many hundreds of pounds of clothing collected by Clubs throughout the District.

Add More Notes Reported in this department's pages in earlier issues was aid sent by Rotary Clubs to tornado victims in Massachusetts and to flood victims in The Netherlands. Recent additional information received at Rotary's Central Office in CHICAGO, ILL., enables previous reports to be expanded, new reports to be added. Concerning the disaster relief for Massachusetts, these new facts have been revealed: Earlier reports stated that 24 Clubs sent \$2,642 to the Rotary Club of WORCESTER, MASS., to be given to the State's disaster fund. Later information reported that 43 Clubs in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Quebec,

Canada, sent checks to WORCESTER totaling \$4,145. Thus, with the \$3,000 added by the WORCESTER Club, a total of \$7,145 was turned over to the committee appointed by the State's Governor. In addition to this amount handled through WORCESTER, it has also been reported that 17 other Rotary Clubs sent \$1,360 direct to the State committee.

To the earlier list of Clubs that aided flood sufferers in The Netherlands can be added these in Illinois: Blue Mound, Arthur, Hoopston, Marshall, Litchfield, Piper City, Mount Pulaski, Assumption, Nokomis, Robinson, Paris, Lincoln, Mattoon, and Normal. They contributed \$302 that was sent to A. D. Voute, of Osterbeek, The Netherlands, then Governor of District 67.

Other relief work swiftly dispatched to meet urgent needs of local or near-by disasters was done by the Rotary Clubs of EL DORADO, KANS., and BIRMINGHAM, MICH. In EL DORADO a flash flood left hundreds of victims in its wake, and the local Rotary Club donated \$612 to city funds to help provide aid. In addition, Rotarians also donated clothing and bedding, and many wielded shovels



On the bench with Judge Martin DeVries, a Rotarian of Long Beach, Calif., are two student members of VISA, the international-student project sponsored by Clubs of District 162 (and also in District 160). They are Ingeborg Grundmann, of Germany, and Wm. Forman, of Brazil, and they are learning American ways of justice firsthand.

during the job of digging out. In BIRMINGHAM the Rotary Club sent \$100 to aid tornado victims in FLINT, MICH.

Kiama Has a Busy First Year

A new Club last year that lost no time getting its activities under way was that of KIAMA, AUSTRALIA. In the first few months of its existence, it helped local Boy Scouts get a new meeting hall under construction, several Club members presented vocational-counseling talks to advanced classes at

a local school, and a gardening contest was sponsored to spotlight the importance of a community-beautification program. In the interest of traffic safety, the Club presented to the municipal council a plan that included uniform parking of cars and a reduced speed limit on main streets. In the field of International Service, KIAMA Rotarians initiated plans for the opening of an English class for several "New Australians" in its area, and also began a program of overseas correspondence with Clubs in Japan, India, Brazil, The Philippines, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Coupled with these and other Rotary services, the Club also gave help to the widow of a local businessman.

A Corner for the Sightless

In a churchyard where gravestones once stood, the sightless persons of CAMBERWELL, ENGLAND, have a lovely garden just for their appreciation of the beauty of flowers. It is called the "Aromatic Garden for the Blind," and the CAMBERWELL Rotary Club led the movement for it. The flowers that grow there were chosen especially for their aromatic qualities, and among them are stocks, purple sage, thyme, and mint. Each flower is labelled in Braille, and at the front of the garden is a sign stating that this "corner for the blind" is sponsored by the CAMBERWELL Club.

Revelstoke Sends Two Adventuring

It was in the Spring of 1951 that the Rotary Club of OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA, began its "Adventure in Citizenship" program that spread to all of Canada's Provinces in the interest of helping young Canadians understand their country and its Government better. It was a gathering of high-school students whose trip to OTTAWA had been sponsored by the Rotary Clubs in their communities, and the story of it was reported in THE ROTARIAN for October, 1951. Recently, the third "Adventure" was held, and among the Canadian Clubs that sent students to the four-day meeting was REVELSTOKE, B. C. Ordinarily



What better way to entertain the ladies than with a fashion show? There is no better way, so reasoned Rotarians of Rochelle Park, N. J., and here are six lovely local girls who modelled the latest in milady's wardrobe at the Club's first-anniversary dinner attended by members' wives and other guests.

ily only one student is sent by each Club, but REVELSTOKE found a boy and a girl so equally well qualified that it arranged to send them both. Following their OTTAWA experience, both students addressed the REVELSTOKE Club.

Help for Schools? Here Are Ways!

Schools and students receive many a boost in different ways as the result of the Community Service plans of Rotary Clubs. In PASSAIC, N. J., for example, the Rotary Club included in its youth work the providing of new robes for members of a senior high school's choral group. . . . To promote fellowship, sportsmanship, and friendly relations in general among students of high schools in the SAN BENITO, TEX., interscholastic league district, the Rotary Club has originated the "Rotary Goodwill Award," a handsome 30-inch gold trophy to be presented to a school each year judged "outstanding in its relationships with other schools." Each school is given one vote to be cast for the winner, with the Governor of the Rotary District receiving the ballots and announcing the victor. The trophy is kept by the winning school for one year.

Since 1920 the Rotary Club of WILLIMANTIC, CONN., has spurred local high-school seniors to higher scholastic achievements through the awarding of an annual cash prize for "scholarship, intellectual interests, and good citizenship." The award currently amounts to \$100. . . . In WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA, the Rotary Club recently helped a school for boys obtain new kitchen equipment. The school has long been the recipient of Rotary aid. . . . For several years the Rotary Club of CHARLENOI, PA., has been setting aside an annual Club program for recognition of outstanding schoolwork by graduating seniors of the local high school. Recently the school faculty chose three seniors for their records in scholarship, leadership, and extracurricular activity. The students spoke at a Rotary meeting on their achievements in the field for which they were selected.

Early America Seen by Students

America and its origins are now better understood by 23 overseas students, because some New England Rotarians helped them get a view of colonial times. In Massachusetts to study at colleges in the Boston area, the students visited Old Sturbridge Village—a New England colonial settlement preserved as a historic landmark—and while there they were hosted at an evening dinner by the Rotary Club of SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS. The students represented 14 countries, and three of the guests spoke at the Rotary dinner.

Competitors? No! Cooperation? Yes!

In communities where Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, and other service clubs exist together, what is the relationship likely to be? Perhaps in the following examples lies the answer: In ROCKVILLE CENTER, N. Y., two local hospitals had new wings added to their facilities not long ago, and behind the project were the Rotary, Lions, Ki-



It's "bike-registration day" in Metuchen, N. J., and the police officers are busy. Metuchen Rotarians are, too, for they are here to give the youngsters night-glowing safety reflectors for their bicycles. Hillard A. Smith, 1952-53 President, is third right.



Present at an inaugural meeting of the Rotary Club of Tiruchirappalli, India, are Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras State, and Sri S. B. P. Pattabhi Rama Rao, Minister of Rural Welfare. They congratulated the Rotary Club for its aid to the blind.



A baseball diamond takes a lot of grading, and that's what these New City, N. Y., Rotarians are busy doing on the field their Club equipped for a four-team Little League in the area. The Club also provided baseballs, bats, and catcher equipment.



Tools to keep young hands profitably busy are donated to a Salvation Army boys' home by the Rotary Club of Temuka, New Zealand. The set cost £60 and is being presented by J. M. Milliken, 1952-53 Club President, shown shaking hands with a boy.



On an inspection tour of a famine-stricken area in Bombay State, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, observed operations of a food center established there by the Pandharpur Rotary Club. At left is G. B. Paricharak, 1952-53 President.

wants, and Luncheon Clubs. From that initial cooperative venture grew this idea: that all the clubs should get together once a year in the interest of fellowship. The 1953 joint meeting was sponsored by the Rotary Club.

In STURGIS, MICH., there was some rivalry between the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs recently, but it was displayed on a softball diamond. The Kiwanians were the challengers, but they were not the winners. The Rotary Club won, 7 to 6, but the real outcome of the game was a closer relationship between the two clubs. . . . In WILLCOX, ARIZ., the Rotary Club there met the local Lions Club in a ball game, and Rotary won the contest that produced much fun for all. . . . The Rotary Club of BRANSON-HOLLISTER, MO., recently fêted members of the local Kiwanis Club at a church dinner that abounded in fellowship.

Rotary Floats on Parade

Often do communities mark events with colorful parades, and just as often do the parades feature beautiful floats entered by the local Rotary Club. At the time of the recent British Coronation, for example, scores of England's towns celebrated the historic event, and one of them was Bognor Regis, which held a Coronation celebration carnival. In a parade through the town's streets were many attractive floats, but the one named the most attractive was that of the Bognor Regis Rotary Club.

In PORTOLA, CALIF., it was a firemen's carnival that brought out the local Rotary Club's attractive float for parade spectators to watch. The Club also operated two street concessions that netted some \$300 for a new swimming pool being built for PORTOLA youngsters.

Future Seen in Cranford's Past

Though a Club historian's job is to look back and record past performances, his efforts are not entirely historical by any means. In his work one learns of the past—and the



Waste paper finds its way to streets and on park grounds if no receptacles are available. Rotarians of Charles City, Iowa, decided as they planned ways to spruce up their community. The outcome of their decision was this container and others placed at intersections and in the city park. Here J. H. Tift (left), 1952-53 President, and Mayor Henry stand by park box.



The sign on this attractive ranch-type structure reads, "Santa Rosa Scout and Youth Center—Dedicated to Building Useful Citizens for Tomorrow." It represents four years of work by the Santa Rosa, Calif., Rotary Club, in cooperation with townspeople and civic groups. A Rotarian architect drew plans without charge, and a Rotarian builder erected it at cost. Santa Rosa sponsors two Boy Scout troops.

future. Take, as an example, the 1952-53 report of the historian of the Rotary Club of CRANFORD, N. J. In it Club members had a summary of a busy past and a forecast of a busier future. It was the year that CRANFORD marked its 30th anniversary, and among its achievements in Rotary's four avenues of service were these: It donated to various local charities, sent a number of lads to a Summer camp, raised \$1,347 for its Student Loan Fund by cosponsoring a dramatic play, and Club members brought high-school students into their places of business to give them a better understanding of the various careers open to them. Halloween in CRANFORD was made a night of fun by the Club's dance for teenagers, and a Youth Week was observed in the community under the Club's leadership. Many other activities recorded were continuing ones.

'Friendship Tour' Is Apily Named

One sunny California morning, not long ago, 38 students from 21 nations left PASADENA in a bus bound for SAN FRANCISCO, with many stops en route. They were beginning the PASADENA Rotary Club's "Friendship Tour," the second year that the Club had conducted such a trip for overseas students. Along the way they were met and entertained by Rotarians of several California communities. The first night of the trip they stayed in Rotarian homes in VISALIA, and the second night found them hosted by Rotarians in OAKLAND. In SAN FRANCISCO the Rotary Club there took them on a tour that included Golden Gate Park and Muir Woods. The next day in PALO ALTO the Rotary Club entertained them at a breakfast at Stanford University, and later in SAN JOSE and WATSONVILLE the students conducted the programs for the local Clubs. As the trip neared the end, they were the guests of the MORO BAY, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and SANTA BARBARA Clubs. They made hundreds of friends and the good-bys all ended with "We'll see you next year!"

18 New Clubs in Rotary World

Rotary has entered 18 more communities in many parts of the world since last month's listing of new Clubs. They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Hawthorne (Mel-

Photo: Le Baron

bourne), Australia; Estancia (Aracajú), Brazil; Propiá-Colegio (Aracajú), Brazil; Victoria (Santa Rosa), Argentina; Granville (Avranches), France; Möns-terås (Oskarhamn), Sweden; Nundah (Fortitude Valley), Australia; Stranraer Scotland; St. Ives, England; Dundee (Ladysmith), South Africa; Lurgan, Northern Ireland; Raymond Terrace (Maitland), Australia; Condobolin (Forbes), Australia; Freire (Pitru- guén), Chile; General Lamadrid (Coro- nel Pringles), Argentina; Kopparberg (Ludvika), Sweden; Folsom (Placer- ville), Calif.; Jasper (Woodville), Tex.

25th Year for 20 More Clubs

November is silver- anniversary month for 20 Rotary Clubs in many parts of the world. Congratu- lations to them! They are: Wallasey, England; Tuxtepec, Mexico; Devonport, Australia; Horsham, Australia; Eliza- bethtown, N. C.; Sidney, Ohio; Nakskov, Denmark; Middletown, Del.; Bishop, Calif.; High River, Alta., Canada; Ger- mantown, Ohio; Wolcott, N. Y.; Cam- pos, Brazil; Park Ridge, N. J.; Charles- ton, Ill.; Talca, Chile; Decatur, Ala.; Clacton-on-Sea, England; Leon, Mexico; Romeo, Mich.

As the Rotary Club of WAUCHOPE, AUS- TRALIA, marks its first anniversary this month, its members will recall the Club's memorable charter presentation in a colorful pavilion bedecked with flowers and flags. The charter was pre- sented by Rotary's 1952-53 President, H. J. Brunner, of SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. It was the first time in Rotary's long his- tory in Australia that a Club had re- ceived its charter from the hands of the International President.

Bill Examines a Famous Bill

The Bill of Rights of the U. S. Constitu- tion was given some serious attention in SPOKANE, WASH., re- cently as the result of an essay contest sponsored by the Rotary Club there for senior students at Whitworth College. Essays were to be written on the sub- ject "What the Bill of Rights Means to Me," and cash prizes of \$100 and \$75 were offered. From the entries that came in, the judges had a hard decision to make in selecting the two winners. Honors finally went to two young men, who received their awards at a Club meeting. The winning essay, written by William H. Creevey, summed up much of the writer's feelings in this way: "The Bill of Rights has more than a mere specific practical meaning to me. Along with the Declaration of Inde- pendence and other documents, it exists as written evidence of a great heritage. Behind the Bill of Rights I see the great pillars of our country who have dedi- cated their lives to bring freedom and equality to me and to my generation."

Traffic Safety Is the Byword Here

Whether on foot, be- hind the steering wheel of an automo- bile, or on a bicycle, the residents of many communities are becoming more safety-conscious as the result of safety projects undertaken by Rotary Clubs.

Take a Page from Crescenta-Canada



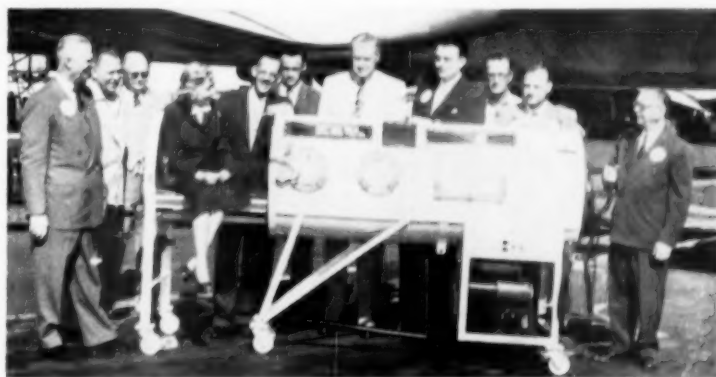
That well-equipped hospitals are community assets is a solid fact on which rests a part of many a Rotary Club's Community Service program. How a California Club put a hospital in a better position to fight polio is told below. Does it suggest an idea?

THOUGH advances are being made in the fight against polio (see *Polio: The Last Round?*, by Albert Q. Maisel, *THE ROTARIAN* for October), the over-all picture, as reported in that article, is "still far from rosy." Thus, to help fight thiscrippler of children and adults alike, the Rotary Club of Crescenta-Canada, Calif., set for itself a big and worth-while job. Its county polio center needed an iron lung, and the Club decided to buy the machine for it.

To raise the money for a modern respirator—one that cost \$1,700—the

Club arranged to stage a five-night musical show, replete with specialty acts, choral singing, dancing, and just plain good fun. With nearly everyone in the community helping out, the musical scored a big hit and the proceeds were used to order an iron lung from a Boston, Mass., com- pany.

The machine was flown to the West Coast, free of charge, by the Flying Tiger Lines, and now another com- munity is better equipped to lessen the crippling effects of polio when it strikes.



On hand at the airport to take delivery of the "iron lung" bought for a local hospital are Crescenta-Canada Rotarians and others who helped the project.

In SPRINGFIELD, ILL., for example, the Rotary Club made bicycling safer with a campaign that put scotchlight tape—a luminous adhesive—on the "bikes" of local youngsters. To do so, Club members visited every school in the city over a period of several weeks, and "scotchlighted" all the bicycles brought to them.

The Rotary Club of SALEM, MASS., also helped to make bicycling safer in its community by sponsoring a safety contest that featured a riding test. Be- fore they made the test some 125 boys and girls brought their "wheels" to an inspection area to have them checked for brakes, lights, horn, and general condition. . . . In VAN NUYS, CALIF., the Rotary Club sponsored a driver-education essay contest and awarded prizes

to winners at a Club meeting. . . . Four young people of EATON, COLO., learned much about traffic safety at a council meeting on safety held in DENVER, COLO. Their trip, along with a chaperone, was sponsored by the EATON Rotary Club.

In WEST LIBERTY, IOWA, the local Ro- tary Club recently entertained some sixth-graders, and received a thank-you note that included this sentence: "It also means a great deal to us that you have shown an interest in the school's traffic-safety patrol." . . . In coöpera- tion with an automobile club, the Ro- tary Club of CLARKSBURG, W. VA., re- cently honored drivers of county school busses for their outstanding records of safety behind the wheel. . . . In BE- THALTO, ILL., the Rotary Club raised more than \$400 in a "sidewalk collec-

tion" drive, and part of the money was used to install a traffic light at a busy highway intersection.

Roundup of Scouting News

In the broad and busy field of Boy Scout activities by Rotary Clubs, variety seems to be the spice that adds zest to the work. In OIL CITY, Pa., for example, the Boy Scouts in that area had long been in need of a film projector, and finally one was made available to them for \$175. The Scout Council was enabled to buy the machine with a check for that amount provided by the OIL CITY Rotary Club. . . . At a Scout camp near TOLEDO, OHIO,

the need was new water equipment at a cost of \$350. It was purchased for the camp by the TOLEDO Rotary Club.

Camping time saw many a Boy Scout headed for the outdoors 'who couldn't have done so without help from some Rotary Club. For example, the Rotary Club of CHARLESTON, W. VA., helped to send several Boy and Girl Scouts to near-by camps, while Rotarians of EL PASO, TEX., helped to get a local Scout camp ready for the Summer season by working with hammers and saws at the camp site.

Other Rotary Clubs that sent Girl and Boy Scouts campward were LYNWOOD, CALIF., and CLARKSBURG, W. VA. The LYN-

wood Club donated \$25 to the local Scout Council to help send a Girl Scout to a Summer camp, and the CLARKSBURG Club donated \$60 to send six boys to a near-by Scout camp.

High on the list of the youth activities of the Rotary Club of WAUKESHA, WIS., is the sponsorship of a Boy Scout troop, which includes sending Scout representatives to the Badger Boys' State gatherings, aiding the Scout camp, and supporting the local Boy Scout Council. In addition to its Scout work, the Club arranges student loans, gives a Christmas party annually for crippled children, and sponsors a junior-league baseball team.

You Can Count on Them!

Here are 48 men who have not missed a Rotary meeting in 15 years or more.

(1) Edgar Marshall, thermometer manufacturing, 35 yrs., Coshocton, Ohio; (2) Harry E. West, books and stationery—retail, 34 yrs., Peru, Ind.; (3) William J. Craig, photography, 33 yrs.; (4) George Manjura, wholesale tobacco, 17 yrs.—both of Owen Sound, Ont., Canada; (5) Ernest L. Vogt, water valves—manufacturing, 31½ yrs.; (6) Eugene E. Pendergrass, past service, 30½ yrs.; (7) Walton L. Hampton, crackers—manufacturing, 28½ yrs.; (8) Edward M. Thoben, senior active, 26½ yrs.; (9) L. Sheldon Caron, directory publishing, 26½ yrs.—all of Louisville, Ky.

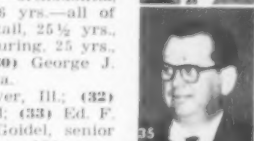
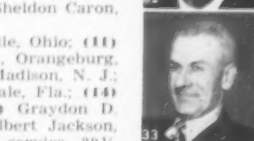
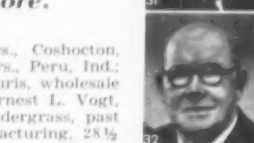
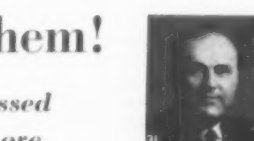
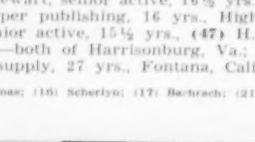
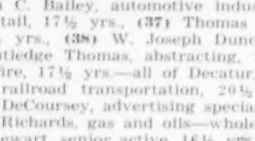
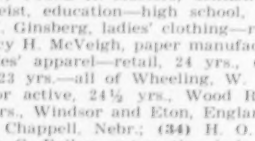
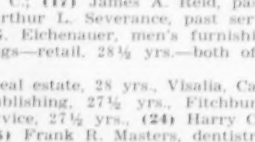
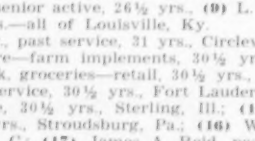
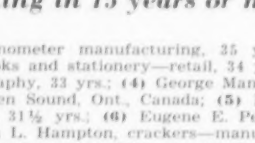
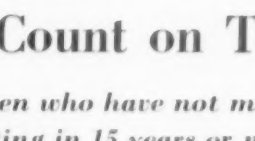
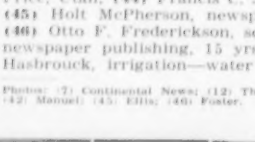
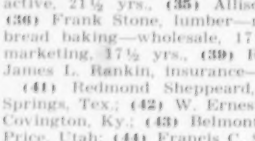
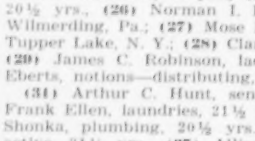
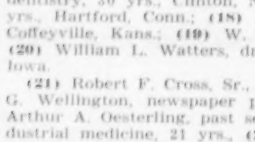
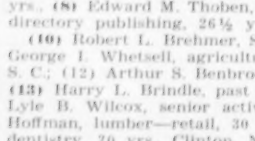
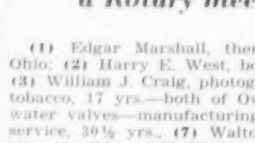
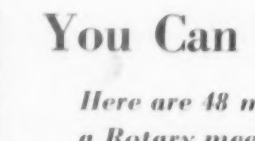
(10) Robert L. Brehmer, Sr., past service, 31 yrs., Circleville, Ohio; (11) George I. Whetsell, agriculture—farm implements, 30½ yrs., Orangeburg, S. C.; (12) Arthur S. Benbrook, groceries—retail, 30½ yrs., Madison, N. J.; (13) Harry L. Brindle, past service, 30½ yrs., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; (14) Lyle B. Wilcox, senior active, 30½ yrs., Sterling, Ill.; (15) Graydon D. Hoffman, lumber—retail, 30 yrs., Stroudsburg, Pa.; (16) Wilbert Jackson, dentistry, 30 yrs., Clinton, N. C.; (17) James A. Reid, past service, 29½ yrs., Hartford, Conn.; (18) Arthur L. Severance, past service, 29½ yrs., Coffeyville, Kans.; (19) W. G. Elchenauer, men's furnishings, 28½ yrs.; (20) William L. Watters, drugs—retail, 28½ yrs.—both of West Liberty, Iowa.

(21) Robert F. Cross, Sr., real estate, 28 yrs., Visalia, Calif.; (22) Elliot G. Wellington, newspaper publishing, 27½ yrs., Fitchburg, Mass.; (23) Arthur A. Oesterling, past service, 27½ yrs.; (24) Harry C. Hackman, industrial medicine, 21 yrs.; (25) Frank R. Masters, dentistry—orthodontia, 20½ yrs.; (26) Norman I. Reist, education—high school, 16 yrs.—all of Wilmerding, Pa.; (27) Mose H. Ginsberg, ladies' clothing—retail, 25½ yrs., Tupper Lake, N. Y.; (28) Clancy H. McVeigh, paper manufacturing, 25 yrs.; (29) James C. Robinson, ladies' apparel—retail, 24 yrs.; (30) George J. Eberts, notions—distributing, 23 yrs.—all of Wheeling, W. Va.

(31) Arthur C. Hunt, senior active, 24½ yrs., Wood River, Ill.; (32) Frank Ellen, laundries, 21½ yrs., Windsor and Eton, England; (33) Ed F. Shonka, plumbing, 20½ yrs., Chappell, Nebr.; (34) H. O. Goidel, senior active, 21½ yrs.; (35) Allison C. Bailey, automotive industry, 18½ yrs.; (36) Frank Stone, lumber—retail, 17½ yrs.; (37) Thomas H. Fitzpatrick, bread baking—wholesale, 17½ yrs.; (38) W. Joseph Duncan, Jr., cotton marketing, 17½ yrs.; (39) Rutledge Thomas, abstracting, 17½ yrs.; (40) James L. Rankin, insurance—fire, 17½ yrs.—all of Decatur, Ala.

(41) Redmond Sheppard, railroad transportation, 20½ yrs., Sulphur Springs, Tex.; (42) W. Ernest DeCoursey, advertising specialties, 17½ yrs., Covington, Ky.; (43) Belmont Richards, gas and oils—wholesaling, 17 yrs., Price, Utah; (44) Francis C. Stewart, senior active, 16½ yrs., Trenton, Mo.; (45) Holt McPherson, newspaper publishing, 16 yrs., High Point, N. C.; (46) Otto F. Frederickson, senior active, 15½ yrs.; (47) H. Bruce Slaven, newspaper publishing, 15 yrs.—both of Harrisonburg, Va.; (48) Philip B. Hasbrouck, irrigation—water supply, 27 yrs., Fontana, Calif.

Photos: (7) Continental News; (12) Thomas; (16) Scherly; (17) Bachrach; (21) Ward; (33) Wise; (42) Manuel; (45) Ellis; (46) Foster.



Titans of Timber

[Continued from page 31]

larger today than ever before; they employ more workers at more pay and produce a larger and more valuable host of products.

Timber is still king.

For example, the pulp-and-paper industry now numbers more than a score of mills in this area, producing over 2 million tons a year. Pulp mills get much of their raw material in the form of chips from sawmill and veneer leftovers. Some have practically quit using logs. It comes as a shock to old-time operators to see the traditional old refuse burner, a common sight of American sawmills for generations, disappearing from the scene. Imagine a wood-manufacturing plant not having enough slivers left to feed the steam boilers—they have to use oil or coal!

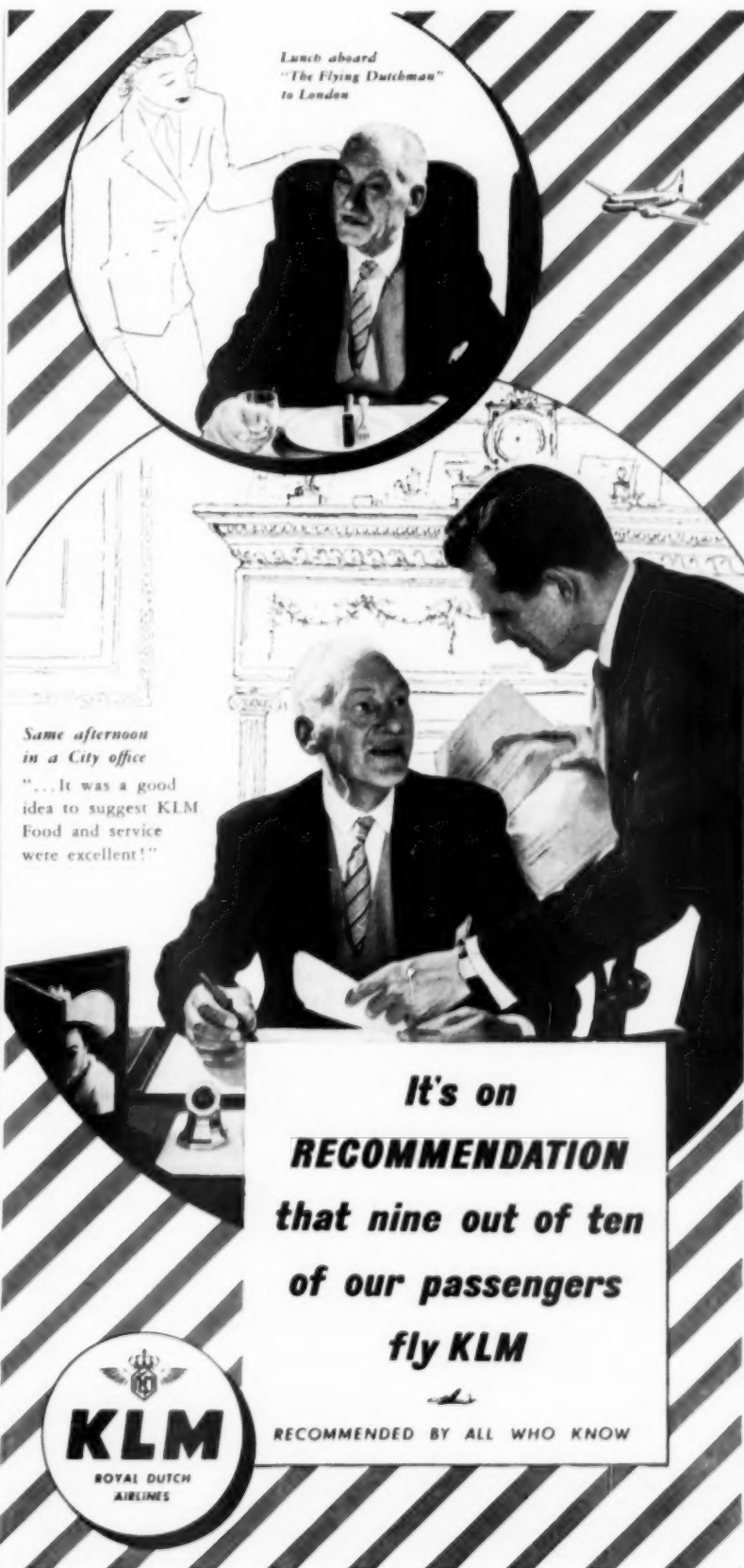
Another exciting new phase of the campaign to save the trees is a nursery. On the southern reaches of Puget Sound the industries maintain a "baby tree" development. Tourists can see vast fields of these tiny slips, someday to be giant firs, hemlock, or spruce. Most of the logged-off areas are restored to productivity by natural means. But sometimes, as in the case of fire, there is seed trouble. In such cases, hand planting of seedlings may be necessary.

In its first 11 years the nursery at Nisqually produced 54,330,000 baby trees for transplanting onto private timberlands of the Douglas-fir region. Nature, of course, plants thousands of trees for every one laboriously planted by man, but this program helps.

Up here in America's last wilderness the people are rejoicing in the fact that their forests are not doomed, as was thought a couple of decades ago. Community celebrations pay tribute to the big trees. Recently the hallowed old sawmill town of Port Gamble, nestling on a bight of Puget Sound in the northwestern part of Washington, celebrated the 100th anniversary of its sawmill. It was a festive occasion, with more than a nostalgic look at the century of community life. The gay affair was really the beginning of a new century of logging, for today Port Gamble backs its previous mill with a 76,000-acre Tree Farm where timber crops are coming along fast. In fact, some trees used for exhibit purposes at the celebration, all less than 100 years old, were mistaken for so-called old growth.

So where the first woodsmen of Pope and Talbot worked in the Autumn of long-away 1853, when gaping Indians peered at the strange goings-on from distant vantage points, the new lumber crop is already of saw-timber size.

Then there is the widely published



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to London

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were excellent!"

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I feel within
an impulse, perhaps that
series number which has
moved all races in all ages
and in all climes, to record
in enduring form the emo-
tions that stir within.

I may mould these
emotions in clay, carve
them in wood, how them in
stone, or forge them in
steel. I may weave them
in textiles, paint them on
canvas or voice them in
song, but whatever I do
I must breathe change to
the song of the lark and the
melody of the lute and
stream and respond to the
color of the rose and the
structure of the life, so

that my creation may be in
accord with God's law
and the universal laws of
order, perfect fitness and
harmony.

Moreover,
I must make my creation
good and honest and true,
so that it may be a credit
to me and live after I am
dead, revealing to others
something of the pleasure
which I found in its
making.

Then with my crea-
ture I ask whether I
be poet or painter, black-
smith or cobbler, for I
shall have labored honest-
ly and bravely in the real-
ization of an ideal.

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REAL PRIDE IN HIS WORK
will enjoy owning this original, inspiring
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The Mariana Grove
Fort Myers, Florida

photograph of John Straight. It is a pic-
ture of a veteran logger with a tree seed-
ling in his hand, standing beside a ma-
jestic forest giant which is 130 feet high.
Well, John Straight and the tree shown
in the photo both went to work for
Crown Zellerbach Company back in 1904.
Hardly taller than a lead pencil then,
the tree seedling, with thousands of
others, was established on company land
near Seaside, Oregon, which had already
produced one crop of logs.

After 46 years the trees had grown so
fast they could be cropped for the sec-
ond log harvest in less than half a cen-
tury from planting. Incidentally, the
Zellerbach people took a cue from Na-
ture a few years ago and successfully
pioneered the sowing of tree seeds from
helicopters! Germination was so satis-
factory that the practice has been con-
tinued. Annual flights over remote areas
reach land which is inaccessible to tree
planters.

The entire operation is very scientific.
The 'copters are equipped with seed
hoppers with special dispersal units
which release the desired number of
seeds per acre. The old-time lumberman
would have guffawed in scorn a couple
of decades ago had someone told him
the day was coming when a flying ma-
chine carrying 400 pounds (or about
120 million seeds) would re-seed a tract
of 1,800 acres in a single three-hour
flight!

At that, the man-made system can't
beat the original plan devised by Nature.
She actually takes to wings to do the
job. In order to reproduce, Western
conifers grow annual crops of cones.
Each cone contains many seeds. Each

seed is equipped with a tiny wing or
sail. Dried out by wind and late Sum-
mer suns, the cones open and away fly
the seeds. They fall to earth far from
the parent trees.

Covered by forest humus and nour-
ished by Winter rains, they become tiny
trees within one or two years.

Before ending the story of the big
trees, readers are reminded of the fas-
cinating character spawned by Ameri-
can mythology, meaning Paul Bunyan
and his blue ox, Babe. Jim Stevens,
famed Northwest writer, has spun count-
less yarns around them, tall tales of log-
gers dreaming in their socks around the
pot-bellied stoves in their forest bunk-
houses.

Bunyan and Babe performed prodig-
ious feats as they made their rollicking
way across America's wilderness, build-
ing new areas, so legend says, where
trees would grow and flourish. Imagi-
native writers have envisioned a worthy
descendant of that forest giant, Paul
Bunyan, Jr. His purpose is helping
Mother Nature restore her lands with
pack sack holding seeds and seedlings.
He represents young America of the Far
West, planting a green future.

It is in this evergreen wonderland
that Rotarians will foregather next year.
They will meet a people who live by the
forest and love their habitat.

And if these visitors from all over the
world will listen, they may hear above
the gurgling of the mountain streams
and the soft wind singing in the treetops
the traditional cry of the lumberjack re-
verberating through the hills and val-
leys—

"TimberTTTTTTTT!"

Answers to 'Are You a Good Boss?' (Page 26)

Nine or ten correct answers indicate
you have a sound grasp of the
principles of supervision and prob-
ably would make an excellent boss.

A score of six to eight correct
shows a fair understanding of how
to handle employees. With a bit
more practical experience you
should make a competent boss.

Less than six means you need
considerable more leadership train-
ing and experience before you
could hope to assume the responsi-
bility of bossing others.

Answers

1. (c) In any sort of training, accu-
racy and proper working habits should
be stressed first. Speed comes with ex-
perience.

2. (b) A company's success depends
on the work of many departments. And
since teamwork is essential, a super-
visor's ability is judged as much on his
cooperation with other departments as
by the production record of his own
section.

3. (a) Any situation that interrupts
production or service automatically be-
comes the boss's problem and requires
immediate action.

4. (b) A supervisor who candidly ad-
mits his errors sets a good example
for his subordinates and wins their
respect and loyalty.

5. (d) A dictatorial setup is always
bad for employee morale. It adds to
a worker's sense of security to know
that he has recourse to the "big boss"
who acts as a court of appeals.

6. (c) Leadership ability is more im-
portant in a supervisor than either
speed as a worker or educational qual-
ifications.

7. (b) Recognizing a worker's good
points after reprimanding him shows
him that you're not carrying a grudge
because of his past mistakes.

8. (a) A boss should never "look the
other way" when violations occur.
Toleration implies approval and en-
courages repetition in the future.

9. (c) A boss should try to help em-
ployees with personal problems. But
he must refrain from making decisions
for them.

10. (c) Very often new employees
will blunder along with the idea that
asking for help is a sign of incompe-
tence. Realizing this, the boss should
tactfully review a job's progress—since
he is also responsible for results.

Tales of Deer

[Continued from page 22]

fine stag, and as the wily old creature made off swiftly, he fired upon it, wounding it severely, as he thought. As he could not follow the trail in the twilight, he abandoned the chase.

Early the next morning the hunter returned to the spot, hoping to find his quarry. Coming upon the track of the running stag, he advanced cautiously; nor was this difficult, for he was on a bare, sandy ridge on which his footsteps made no sound. The wounded stag had not run far; my friend found him in plain sight, stretched in his last sleep. Leaning his gun against a pine, the man approached the great buck. He took hold of one of his tall antlers—just to glory in the feel of their craggy massiveness.

For several moments thereafter the hunter was conscious of nothing save the fact that he must have made a terrible mistake. He found himself on his back; sand had been scattered over him; he felt as if he had had the worst of a free-for-all fight; and the buck was nowhere to be seen. What had happened was simply this: he had taken hold of the wrong deer, a sleeping deer. He never did find his quarry. It is a question whether the woodsman or the stag suffered a more complete surprise, but certainly the stag had the better of the encounter.

A deer will use his strength when he has to, but he much prefers craft and guile. I've mentioned his "reading the book" by freezing. He sometimes secures choice food by using his head similarly.

A friend of mine had a field of peas some ten acres in extent. Despite the fact that an eight-foot fence had been constructed especially to exclude the deer that roamed the adjacent forest, they made their way nightly into the field, where they did great damage. A careful examination of the whole fence



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had failed to reveal any place the deer might have jumped. Finally one moonlight night my friend sat up in a big tree to watch for the marauders. Toward midnight they came. The observer was too fascinated to care whether he lost his crop or not. Eight or nine deer fed up close to the tree in which he was perched, then faded away into the mystery of the night. How had they entered the field?

Daylight showed that they had come into their forbidden pasture through a small drain under the tall fence. The space between the bottom of the little ditch and the lowest wire on the fence was about 22 inches. In the drove had been two full-antlered bucks. Imagine their getting down on their knees in that tiny, dark passage and crawling under that low wire and clearing their antlers!

Appealing at all times, the Virginia deer is never more so than in the rapturous season of mating, for then its nat-

ural grace and delicacy are tinged with the glamour of romance. It is at this time, too, in the golden wild garden that Autumn has made of the world, that one is most likely to see deer. They lose for a time much of their natural shyness. Beautiful is this secret courtship of the tinted wilderness.

Early one morning in October, I saw the indelible writing of one of these love stories. No man who runs can read it, but one who walks slowly, and who pauses long to observe, will translate somewhat as follows the silent but eloquent language of tracks:

Down the side of this shadowy glen, probably late yesterday afternoon, there came a stag. He must have been a sprightly fellow. His stepping was all on edge. His hoof prints, see, are shallow, and they are inclined to tip forward. An old buck is more likely to walk flat-footed. This cavalier was, in effect, walking on his tiptoes to approach the lady of his adoration.

Australia

[Continued from page 11]

the capacity of foremen to work "on the job" in the countries concerned and teach their skills to the local inhabitants.

Hundreds of Asians have, in their turn, come to Australia as our guests, pursuing various forms of study and postgraduate work, or looking—often critically—into our methods of public administration. In this technological age the trained specialist makes a substantial contribution to his country's welfare. Our guests have returned home better able to help their countries toward full development and prosperity. And I like to think that they have also returned home as good friends of Australia.

Now I should be giving you quite a false impression if I implied that Australians knew all the answers to the problems of others, or had come even close to full development of their own land. We have much to learn, and a great deal of development yet to accomplish.

Australia, as you probably know, is just a little smaller than the United States of America: almost 3 million square miles in total area. About one-third of the country lies in the Tropics and the rest in the Temperate Zone. Unhappily, a very substantial part of it is in neither the Summer rainfall nor the Winter rainfall belt. As a result, some 37 percent of the land has fewer than ten inches of rain a year and is, in effect, desert. Less than half of Australia has a rainfall greater than 15 inches a

year. A glance at the map will show you that over a very large part of the country we have no rivers to dam for irrigation. Nevertheless there is a very substantial area in Australia with a capacity for greater development.

In a world where populations are increasing at an almost alarming rate, Australia recognizes its clear duty to expand its resources to the utmost. But in doing so it must maintain a healthy internal economy. Without going into the details of national finance, we can see clearly that unrestricted development and expansion could lead to gross inflation which would press very hard upon the people we aim to benefit. On the other hand, the present generation might well be asked to accept certain limitations if they ensure a higher standard of living for those to come. In other words, we must be careful not to overreach ourselves.

For one thing we need more population. By the time we take our next Census in 1954 we shall have attained a population of something like 9 million. At our last Census in 1947 we counted 7,579,358. In passing I would mention that our rates for infant mortality are among the most favorable in the world. But the main increase has come from immigration, planned immigration. You may know that we took large numbers of migrants through the International Refugee Organization. But our total intake, assisted and unassisted, was about 59 percent of British stock.

The need for immigration has been recognized by all political parties in Australia, and the general public have themselves appreciated it. The Government itself necessarily accepted a very

large share of responsibility for the aftercare of migrants, as well as for their reaching the country. All in all, we have done what we could to show the newcomers that they were welcome and needed. We, in turn, have benefited from their skills and labors, and the fabric of national life is richer for the varied cultures they have brought with them.

Many migrants are engaged on national-development schemes of prime importance. These include the iron and steel industries, coal, power, and irrigation. One great project is the Snowy Mountains Hydroelectric Scheme, sometimes called Australia's T.V.A., which will produce an additional 3 million kilowatts of power and bring thousands of new acres under irrigation.

Though the biggest, this Snowy Scheme is but one of the many jobs we have in hand to use our rather limited natural resources to the best advantage. We still have a crying need for power, for irrigation, for the development of minerals, and for the systematic growth of secondary industries. Some of this we can accomplish with the aid of our own resources, but a small population in a young country has no great accumulation of savings to draw upon and overseas capital is also needed.

AUSTRALIA has a capacity for production far beyond what she now produces, but no country of its size and population was ever able to develop fully upon its own resources. We need overseas capital. The International Bank has helped us generously, and very substantial private investments have already been made from the United Kingdom and the U.S.A., notably in the fields of oil refining, fertilizer manufacture, rayon spinning, food processing, motor-vehicle manufacture, and all branches of the metal industry. There is still a vast field for development and unlimited scope for the investment of overseas funds in our growing and vigorous country.

Under the pressure of war, Australia made great advances in her manufacturing industries—that is a story in itself. But for our exports, and therefore our lifeblood in world trading, we are still largely dependent upon our primary production.

We have therefore started on a five-year plan for primary production that aims at substantial increases in wheat, oats, maize, grain sorghum, linseed, cotton, tobacco, meats, eggs, and processed milk. The targets are not just hopeful figures in some Government file: they represent what Australia can achieve within the limits of the suitable land available, and with regard to the reasonable expansion of irrigation and power. By way of help, the Government has

made worth-while taxation concessions bearing upon the development work of farmers, it is continuing a substantial grant that encourages efficiency in dairy production, and it has allotted large sums for the advisory and scientific services that do so much to help the farmer in getting the best results for his labors. In passing I would mention one of our scientific bodies, the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization, which, among its many effective jobs, has been able to bring under production some areas of Australia that had formerly been considered quite unusable for economic farming. The world's need for food is

real and urgent. Australia will play its part.

We in Australia are fortunate, then, in having a very agreeable standard of living, excellent social services, and opportunities limited only by individual intelligence and willingness to work. We have virtually no grinding poverty, nor have we any substantial permanent class of the very-rich. Most of us, to use the vernacular, "get our corner."

But we are determined that our "corner," our share of prosperity, shall be increased with the development of this fair land of ours, and that, in doing so, we shall contribute to the welfare and peaceful progress of the world at large.



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In the Spirit of Christmas

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself. "Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

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Otto and His Horn

By HOWARD R. CLARK

Rotarian, Springdale, Ark.

MY WIFE says that any man (meaning me) who will stand on a curb in a slow drizzle just to see his friends and neighbors ride by on a truck with crepe paper tacked on it must have a screw loose somewhere. But I tell her I'm no fair-weather parade watcher. I make 'em all. Just let the high-school band, all in uniform except the inevitable fat boy who couldn't be fitted, strike up *Semper Fidelis* or *Washington Post March* and you'll find me on the corner of Main and Mogul, breaking out all over in goose bumps.

Our small-town parades are strictly amateur affairs, assembled out of the materials at hand and made up of everybody who feels like joining in. But they've come a long way, so to speak, since I started watching them. Nowadays they're largely mechanized, but I can remember when the only self-propelled vehicle in town was a stellar attraction. In fact, I got one of the major thrills of my life the first time Dr. Wilson came down the street in his new Brush runabout. The Dobbin influence was still pretty strong in him, and as he acknowledged the greetings of his friends along the way, he kept shouting, "Gee! Haw! Whoa!" and "Giddap!"

At the same time he was frantically adjusting this lever and that, while his feet battled the pedals. The brothers of the local lodge, marching uneasily ahead of him, had to break into a trot several times to avoid being mowed down from behind. Red Johnson, the town's mechanical genius, would always jog along beside the Brush, ready to crank it when it stalled.

Some time later, Bill Grisham, our little city's most prominent drayman, acquired a flat-bed truck with hard rubber tires. There was spirited competition several different years between the

town's various organizations for the privilege of riding on it. One year the ladies of the Willing Workers Class and the men of the Saturday Night Domino Club vied fiercely for the truck. Nearly everyone in town took sides. Few of us knew how the feud would end, until the parade came rolling down the street. There sat the Willing Workers, 15 strong, upright and triumphant in cane-bottom chairs on the bed of Mr. Grisham's truck. The cheers of Willing Workers supporters had hardly died down, however, when here came the truck again loaded to capacity with domino players. Thereafter, until the town boasted a few more trucks, Mr. Grisham always appeared at least twice in every parade; and once he made the circuit four times.

Later still, Albert Wheaton, an itinerant painter, came to town and joined in many of our parades. He lived in a sort of house that he had built on the chassis of an old car, and on its side was inscribed in large block letters: JESUS IS COMING SOON. HOUSE PAINTING DONE CHEAP. I never knew whether he fell in line to drum up business or to persuade people that it was high time to repent and be saved. One parade day he failed to show up, and I sometimes wonder if he didn't ascend to glory, car house and all. Most likely he simply cranked up and jogged off to Oklahoma, having heard that business was better in those parts.

Television has brought the inauguration parade, the Mardi Gras, and the Tournament of Roses right into our homes, but I'd leave any of them on a dead run to see Otto Swartz, the man who cuts my hair, round the corner of Main and Mogul tooting a horn. And if he happened to be wearing a plumed hat . . . gee!

Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

For Garden-Variety Citizens

J. OLLIE EDMUNDS, *Rotarian*
President, Stetson University
DeLand, Florida

What can we—ordinary, garden-variety citizens—do to help make the future "the future of the free"?

First, we can *feel* responsible. We can feel a personal obligation to do something. Few of us appreciate the power of our own individual influence.

Second, we must be positive citizens. We must dare to stand for certain things and, in a showdown, there must be things for which we will *not* stand!

Third, we must have the stamina to speak up for our American way of life—boldly, proudly. . . . Every man, woman, and child in the U.S.A. should thoroughly understand our free-enterprise system and should be as proud as a peacock about what it is doing for us—and for the rest of the world. Let's speak up for it—every chance we get, just as we do for everything else that marks us as free men.—*From an address before the Rotary Club of West Palm Beach, Florida.*

Epigrammatic

ERNEST WINDLE, *Rotarian*
Judge
Avalon, California

One of the greatest forces known to man is an idea with a purpose, and whose time has come! . . .

He has a mind that penetrates like a bullet—full of hope, integrity, and courage. . . .

It does not take genius to succeed in life. Anyone, strong of purpose and correctly motivated, can build his own successes. . . .

The man with a purpose makes his own opportunities. . . .

No man can consider himself a success who wants to start at the top of the ladder. Everything that climbs starts from a landing platform. . . .

Everything that gives value to life has a purpose to the individual who values it most.

That Club Name

J. EWEN SIMPSON, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
Napier, New Zealand

Rotary makes a practice of using Club names. It isn't a kind of backfire into immaturity; it is a deliberate plan to foster fellowship. New members may feel different about using an older man's Christian name or nickname, but the older man in Rotary expects it. It assures him that the younger man has accepted his offer of friendship. The younger man should accept that offer

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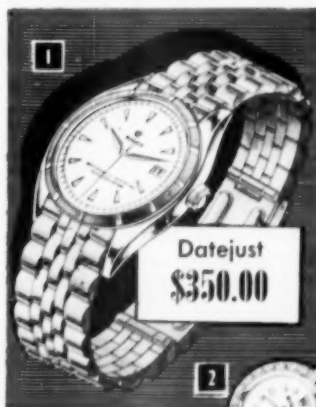
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in the spirit in which it is made and enter into the new relationship, giving thanks to Rotary for making that kind of fellowship possible. There is nothing flippant or disrespectful in it; rather, it is a challenge to younger and older men alike to bridge the gap of the years for the sake of knowing each other more intimately and pooling their resources for the benefit of a great working fel-

lowship. For that reason the fellowship of Rotary must not be laid aside when the badge is put back in the rack at the end of each meeting. That fellowship must go with each man in his heart as he returns to his daily work.

That is Rotary at work. The Club name is a symbol of much more than bonhomie: it is the symbol of friendship in service.

The Case of the Elder Citizen

[Continued from page 14]

their medical care and encouraging them to continue working, where possible.

England has a National Old People's Welfare Committee made up of all voluntary agencies and local and national Government departments. The purpose of this group is to help England's Herman Hansens remain independent as long as possible, working through a network of local groups.

Canada's efforts include social centers, travelling libraries, housing projects, a holiday center, and a coöperative house whose residents share work and expenses.

Old-age pensioners in Mexico receive medical care and hospitalization for their families, and sometimes they even receive a small farm in the country to help them maintain self-respect. Venezuela has a national institute which provides a wide range of services for the aged and the crippled.

But what is being done by the United States to meet these problems?

The whirlwind of activity centering about the Herman Hansens in recent years is enough to stagger the imagination. In industry, the National Association of Manufacturers has been holding "pilot clinics" among groups of its members to discuss how older workers may best be utilized and to provide a clearinghouse for information on the problem.

The National Industrial Conference Board has likewise been conducting intensive research. And many individual firms have set up counselling services for their older workers.

A number of universities have sponsored institutes on the problems of ageing. Already mentioned was the Joint Legislative Committee set up in New York State.

In New York City, a Mayor's Advisory Committee for the Aged has recently been set up. In November, 1951, an all-community conference on the problem of the employment of aged workers was held in Denver, Colorado. Everywhere the problem is perforce making itself felt. A solution requires careful thought and action now.

And in our best traditions, much of the thought and action must take place

in the voluntary service organizations of small- and medium-sized towns. What better opportunity is there for Rotary Clubs and church groups to help their neighbors help themselves?

Most of these municipalities have no professionally staffed organization to help the Herman Hansens, so the initiative must come from business, civic, and religious groups. There are many ways in which this might be done.

Every civic function is a potential opportunity to honor the oldest citizen present. The competent elder citizens of a town who are still able to work could be registered in a work pool to help out in full- or part-time work in local projects, harvesting, defense work, or even baby-sitting. Often it is merely a matter of matching the right man and the right job.

And don't underestimate the abilities of your elder citizens. Let your guide be the experience related to me by the head of one private agency in Chicago. She told of setting up a "Chess and Chatter Club" for the older people in her area—without success. In desperation she left the elders completely to themselves in the selection of activities. The first thing they did, she related happily, was to hold a square dance. Within two weeks they had talked her into letting them redecorate a large portion of the center. And the oldest member of the "Chess and Chatter Club" was 94!

Every town has a village square or a park which needs landscaping, a school which needs repair, or some project which can use the services of the Herman Hansens. No project is too big, none too small, in which elder citizens cannot play an important and useful rôle. In a special radio series, the University of Illinois, for example, has indicated innumerable jobs especially suited to the group or self-employment of older people with emphasis on special crafts and skills. It is merely a matter of intelligently utilizing the abilities and experience of our elders.

This is one problem we can no longer ignore. It just won't disappear. If anything it will get worse. After all, most of us will be Herman Hansens one day—if we live long enough.

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The Rotarian

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NOVEMBER, 1953

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

a suggestion, I was appointed Chairman of a Committee to plan a similar project for our Club.

Well, the photo shows what happened. But it doesn't show what will happen this year: that because of the success of last year's project, we are planning to have at least 30 students in our homes within a few weeks now for the Thanksgiving week-end.

So here is an example of how a seed planted in the Tall-Corn State—Iowa—is reaping part of its harvest in a village of 4,822 people: Sidney, New York.

'I Will Go into the Valley'

Says E. M. FURREY, Rotarian
Farmer
Tucson, Arizona

I deeply appreciate and in some measure echo Bert Cooksey's Credo as published in THE ROTARIAN for September. Perhaps there can be no greater inspiration than that given by the rugged mountain country, but as a Rotarian:

*I will go into the valley
Away from the mountain heights,
Away from the towering summits
With their hovering, star-studded nights.
Though I love the bluffs and escarpments,
The dashing, plunging streams,
The rich, free wind in the pine trees,
I know they're but lovely dreams.*

*The watchword must ever be service—
Hear the words of the Master's call:
"He who would be first among you
Must be the servant of all."
Though mountains and stars could lead me
Straight up to the Great White Throne,
I know I would never get there
By climbing the trail alone.*

*I will go into the valley
Far down to the darkest street
Where men are lost and forgotten
In the maze of trampling feet,
Where hungry souls are plodding
So blindly and wearily by
Without a thought of the mountains,
Without a glimpse of the sky.*

*Let my life be of toil and labor
Let me moisten the empty cup
With a word of faith and courage
To start their eyes looking up.
Then if I be called a brother
By the hearts and tongues of men,
My soul will ascend the pathway
To the deathless heights again.*

Student Loan? Yes!

Replies HAROLD E. AKERLY, Rotarian
Assistant Superintendent
Board of Education
Rochester, New York

In *Student Loan? No, Thanks!* [THE ROTARIAN for September], Fred H. Turner has presented the budget-balancing problems of the American college student in a folksy yet accurate narrative. I do not question his facts or his conclusion so long as the former are limited to students in a great publicly supported university and the latter to one Rotary Club in Illinois.

Experience as a pioneer Ivory hunter for a large corporation, 28 years on the regional scholarship committee of a famous technical school, membership on the alumni council of an arts college, and 20 years as the Secretary-Treasurer of a Rotary loan fund lead to the conclusion that, in general, a student loan



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Add 5c per lb. West of the Rockies. Postage prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send me your gift lists now for Thanksgiving and Christmas, advising delivery dates wanted. Personal cards enclosed. Send check with order, or credit terms may be extended where desired. I will refund or bill you for any difference. Write for list of other fancy foods and confections.

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fund makes a greater contribution to the student and to society than a scholarship plan. . . .

As I write, a Catholic seminarian has come in to pay \$75 on his original loan of \$300 granted when he was an arts-college student. He disagrees with Dean Turner. Gerald says, "A scholarship is a gift which does not create any sense of responsibility, but a loan does." The phone has just rung. A Cornell law-school senior needs a few hundred dollars on top of G. I. assistance to pay for room and board. This is a busy day. A sophomore from St. Bonaventure, who is applying for a loan, has just picked up *THE ROTARIAN*. "It's all right," he says as he finishes the last paragraph, "if scholarships are given to fellows who have both brains and commonsense, but the just-above-average fellow who comes out as a good citizen needs help too."

I submit that scholarships are for students having the character and qualities of a scholar. A scholarship will not buy a car for a boy attending a college 20 miles from home. It won't pay for a baby which suddenly prevents further help from the graduate student's wife. It won't provide transportation to London or Stockholm.

The Rotary Club of Rochester loans from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year to a dozen or more students from a fund built from gifts and Club contributions which have averaged \$1,500 a year for 25 years. With \$1,500 a year, a scholarship fund could help two or three students with tuition, but \$1,500 a year has balanced about 12 student budgets a year and every dollar given to the fund is still working or available for deserving students. . . .

A loan fund builds character, is productive for the long term, meets varied student needs, and is socially significant. Many Rotary Clubs will find the operation of a student loan fund a deep source of satisfaction in rendering the greatest help to the greatest number of young people.

Dean Turner Speaks Truth

Believes THOMAS T. YANAGIHARA
Student

Durham, New Hampshire

Bravo to Dean Fred H. Turner and his suggestion of turning some student loan funds into scholarship funds [*Student Loan? No, Thanks!*, *THE ROTARIAN* for September]. What he says about students not wanting to be in debt is true in every sense. I myself am a student going to college on a partial scholarship. At present (during the Summer) I am working full time—ten to 12 hours a day—and will continue working part time while I am going to school. Thus, as you can see, I am doing everything I can to support myself while in college.

Yet it is impossible for a person to be completely dependent upon himself while attending college. If he, like me, can expect no help from his family, he must have some financial assistance in order to attain a higher education, in addition to his working part time. Even with this great need for monetary aid, I am hesitant, like so many others, to apply for a student loan because I know

that it would be a long, long time after I am graduated before I would be able to pay off that loan, and all that time I would have the uncomfortable feeling that I was still in debt. . . .

Three cheers for Dean Turner's suggestion!

Let Experts Save Facts

Asks A. D. MISENER, Rotarian
Physicist

London, Ontario, Canada

Probably it is not polite of me to disparage the article by Carleton Beals titled *Cybernetics* [*THE ROTARIAN* for September] when it is praised so highly in *The Editors' Workshop*. However, I do feel that some of the erroneous ideas would have been modified if the article had been edited by a physicist—and there are a few Rotarian physicists!

Mr. Beals is a most charming and interesting writer and no one would object to his becoming slightly lyrical on such a thrilling subject as modern electronics. *THE ROTARIAN* is read by many because it speaks with authority on many subjects and I fear that the inaccuracies left in the article are going to lead many of my fellow Rotarians astray. It is difficult, for instance, to understand the idea behind such remarks as "Atomic energy is a narrow line on the total spectrum."

There is also a confusing admixture of terms in "long-glow subsonic vibrations"—but I don't want to pick out a lot of niggling errors. My plea is that *THE ROTARIAN* continue to be provocative and interesting, but also accurately informative. "Experts," usually, are very dull writers, but let them save the facts when necessary!

Crowe Reminiscent of Osler

Says SAMUEL D. ALLISON, Rotarian
Dermatologist
Honolulu, Hawaii

The articles *How to Manage Your Mind*, by Charles M. Crowe, and *Postpone Your Obituary* by Sara M. Jordan [*THE ROTARIAN* for August], were good prescriptions for inner peace and a long life.

The statement by Rotarian Crowe, "We have to learn to accept time in terms of the present," is reminiscent of the philosophy of Sir William Osler as expressed in his lecture "A Way of Life." The great physician, Dr. Osler, delivered this address to Yale University students and in it voiced the philosophy which he termed "life in day-tight compartments." He considers life to be a habit—"a succession of actions that become more or less automatic," and believes that if we continue daily to live in day-tight compartments, we can enjoy a happy and abundant life.

Dr. Osler quotes from Carlyle: "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." Dr. Osler believed that "the load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, carried today makes the strongest falter. . . . The future is today—there is no tomorrow! The day of a man's salvation is now—the life of the present, of today, lived earnestly, in-

tently, without a forward-looking thought, is the only insurance for the future." He believed that man can acquire the habit of living in day-tight compartments and if followed, this habit can provide us a bountiful life.

A Photo for a Poem

Believes DRUE COX
Daughter of Rotarian
West Palm Beach, Florida

Today I was surprised and amused when I opened THE ROTARIAN for August

Photo: Mansfield



An angler headed for "Catfish Creek."

and saw the photo to illustrate one of my poems. It appears in *End of an Angler* [see photo].

Here is the poem:

THE ANGLER
A bright red feather
In a grubby little hand,
Seven scraggly earthworms
In a rusty can.
A big bloody bandage
On an "ole sore toe,
A faded pair of dungarees
With patches (just for show),
A pole on his shoulder,
A whistle in his cheek,
Somebody's goin' fishin'
In Catfish Creek.

'Proud of Our Crowd'

Says SIDNEY W. TREAT, Rotarian
Steel-Strapping Manufacturer
Los Altos, California

I was a delegate to Rotary's Paris Convention and as I read your *Report from Paris* [THE ROTARIAN for July], I not only relived some of my experiences there, but also learned many interesting facts about that international gathering which I later included in my report to the Rotary Club of Los Altos. Your account of it noted that no full measurement of the Convention can be made, because it is made up of so many elusive things, and that is an aspect of the meeting which I wish to underscore.

With its mixing of so many geographical regions, who can measure the results—and what yardstick would one use anyway? My job there as a Sergeant at Arms kept me circulating among Rotarians and their families, and, being able to speak other languages besides English, I was in a good position to observe the reactions of others. I believe that those who attended got a better understanding of the other fellow's views and went home better prepared

to work on what many believe to be Rotary's greatest challenge: the welding into a whole the thousands of Clubs spread over several score of countries. Each Club is autonomous, yes, but each is a part of a whole, and all Clubs should join in the work of that whole.

The impact of the Paris Convention on me was very strong, and I cannot picture a man who could come away unimpressed. There was back slapping and shouted greetings, but the general atmosphere was more serious and inspirational than anything else. In brief, I was proud of our crowd.

More to Songs Than Words

Thinks CLEL R. SILVEY, Rotarian
Music-Department Director
State Teachers College
Indiana, Pennsylvania

Anyone at all interested in music must have found good reading in Doron K. Antrim's *What's in a Song?* [THE ROTARIAN for September], for Mr. Antrim's knowledge of music and the history of it is well known.

For many years I have been song leader and Chairman of the Music Committee of the Rotary Club of Indiana. I have often visited other Rotary Clubs where singing is part of the fellowship. I have on numerous occasions expressed my discouragement over the spiritless manner in which many Rotary Clubs sing. Could it be that a majority of their members are frustrated because of the ineffective way in which they were taught required courses in music in college or high school—or even grammar school?

If so, perhaps the next generation of Rotarians, now in school, can be taught

a finer appreciation of music. I think the results would be apparent in better and more spirited Club singing. There is, you know, more to songs than mere words.

A Footnote Needed

Believes WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING
Honorary Rotarian
Former Educator
Conway, New Hampshire

Doron K. Antrim's *What's in a Song?* [THE ROTARIAN for September] is a good article. I suggest a useful footnote to that article telling readers how to get copies of *Songs for the Rotary Club*. Our Clubs keep a careful watch on their stock pile; the books are passed around and then collected. But suppose a member would like a private copy, and one with the music as well as the words? What is the procedure?

EDS. NOTE: Copies of *Songs for the Rotary Club* can be obtained from Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The price: with words only, 10 cents a copy; with words and music, 30 cents a copy.

Bold Program Put to Use

Reports OLIVER SHURTLEFF, Rotarian
Educator
Fairmont, West Virginia

You might like to know that Elizabeth Fagg's article, *A Bold New Program for the Schools* [THE ROTARIAN for August], was widely used as a reference in my Summer class in educational sociology at Morris Harvey College. I had put it on my reference list of "outside readings." Almost every member of a large class read the article and made use of it.

And "teacher" liked it too.

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DALLAS—HOTEL BAKER. Preferred address in Dallas. Home of famous Mural Room. 700 rooms air conditioned. J. J. Baker, GM. RM Wed., 12:00.

Personalia

[Continued from page 43]

it for 15 years, and obviously the men who carry the mail know all about him, for letters addressed simply "Holly, Oregon" and "The Biggest Holly Grower in America, Oregon" have been placed in his mailbox. ROTARIAN BROWNELL'S decorative Christmas holly finds its way to the homes of people all over the world. By the way, do you know of any other Rotarian holly grower?

Service Remembered. JOHN H. BOOTH had served well his fellow Rotarians of Camden, N. J., as their Club Secretary.



Booth

He had given of himself for 35 years in this capacity, and when he retired some months back, he was seated one day at the head table at a testimonial dinner in his honor, listened to a host of glowing tributes to his life of service. Among the many Rotarians on hand were members of Clubs which the Rotary Club of Camden had sponsored during the many years that "Jack" Booth had been its Secretary.

Appreciation. Into the little black bag of DR. GEORGE T. FARIS, a Jenkintown, Pa., Rotarian, went pills, needles, serums, and antibiotics. He was, you see, preparing to join a group of Pennsylvania Rotarians bound for Rotary's Convention in Paris, France, and it might be that one of the 54 members of the tour would need medical attention. Little did this wise otolaryngologist know that before he returned to his



Sixty years married are Rotarian and Mrs. Harry E. West, of Peru, Ind. His Rotary classification is "capital investments"—and he hasn't missed a Rotary meeting for more than 34 years.

home office he would be called on to administer to the needs of 28 of his fellow Rotarian travellers. During the Convention he never failed to attend a session, then went, with Mrs. FARIS, to explore museums and other Parisian wonders and to pace the beautiful boulevards of the City of Light. But come a call in the middle of the night after a busy day, Dr. FARIS would grasp his little black bag and taxi hurriedly to a bedside in some remote hotel (the tour members were billeted in 19 different and widely spaced hotels)—and then scorn payment of any kind. A few weeks back at a meeting of his own Rotary Club he was presented an onyx desk set engraved "GEORGE THOMAS FARIS, M.D. 1953 Rotary Convention in Paris. Service above Self." His patients had not forgotten him.

Trek Trick. A police escort for one of its members helped the Rotary Club of Erick, Okla., to reach 29 weeks of perfect attendance recently. It happened this way: WILLIAM ZIRKLE, an Erick Ro-

Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE last month's listing of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 37 additional Clubs had at press time become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 3,162. As of September 15, \$55,484 had been received since July 1, 1953. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership) are:

BRAZIL

Penedo (18); Marilia (23); Caxambu (15); Birigui (21); Amambai (20); Pederneras (12).

CANADA

Vernon, B. C. (60); Mont-Joli, Que. (23); Campbellford, Ont. (43).

ENGLAND

Edgware (50); Stratford-on-Avon (32); Derby (83).

FINLAND

Turun Linna Abo Slott (30).

JAPAN

Koriyama (28); Shimonoseki (36).

MOROCCO

Meknes (32).

THE NETHERLANDS

Leeuwarden (42); Amsterdam-Zuid (25).

NEW ZEALAND

Ashburton (44); Hokitika (32); Whakatane (31).

SOUTH AFRICA

Pietersburg (33); Uitenhage (35).

SWITZERLAND

Neuchâtel (52).

UNITED STATES

Bennington, Vt. (37); Walker, Minn. (51); Hicksville, N. Y. (38); Galax, Va. (40); Newport, N. H. (32); Skaneateles, N. Y. (77); Dedham, Mass. (36); Ferndale, Mich. (67); Watervliet, N. Y. (51); Ridgefield, N. J. (26); Adrian, Mich. (85); Marion, Va. (28); Willow Grove, Pa. (25).

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I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets—never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sudge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it never has to be cleaned! Yet it is utterly impossible for you or sudge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo as it forms!

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes. The claims I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I also say "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing. Please send me your name today. Just a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide for yourself whether or not my friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the surprise of your life. **free. Write today! E. A. Carey, 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 431 Chicago 48, Illinois**

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tarian whose work had taken him to Perryton, Tex., discovered that the nearest Club at which he could make up his Rotary attendance that week—and thus keep his Club's perfect-attendance slate clean—was in Liberal, Kans., which meant he would have to drive in three States to get there. But that proved no deterrent. He hopped into his car and, as luck would have it, he came across a motorcade of automobiles led by a police escort. He joined it—for it was making fast time in the direction he was going—and found the cars were filled with Rotarians from another town. They too were bound for Liberal. . . . And how far did ROTARIAN ZIRKLE go in his three-State trek? Only 47 miles, for he had crossed the Oklahoma Panhandle on the way from Perryton to Liberal.

Youngest? **WILLIAM E. FINK** may be the world's youngest Rotarian. At least he was on the day he was inducted into membership in the Rotary Club of Honolulu, Hawaii. The induction ceremonies could not have been held a day earlier for it wasn't until that date—June 30, 1953—that he reached age 21, the earliest age at which a man may become a Rotarian. He is president and general manager of a marble and granite company. Any challenger around the Rotary world to this "youngest Rotarian"?



Fink

Add: Authors, **JAMES KIMMINS GREER**, professor of history at Hardin-Simmons University, Abilene, Tex., is the latest addition to the ranks of Rotarian authors. An Abilene Rotarian, DR. GREER recently penned *Colonel Jack Hayes* (E. P. Dutton, \$6), an account of one of the Old West's more colorful characters. . . . From the pen of **FRED DEARMOND**, a member of the Rotary Club of Springfield, Mo., has come a new book titled *Ten Trails to Sales* (Lloyd R. Wolfe, 111 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill., \$3.50). Readers will recall ROTARIAN DEARMOND's many articles in *THE ROTARIAN*.



Another month of perfect Rotary attendance for this Keokuk, Iowa, father-son team: **Ralph B. Smith** (left) and **R. Buell Smith**. The former hasn't missed for 27 years; the latter, for 17.



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HOBBY Hitching Post

NOTHING, it seems, ranges a wider gamut than the interests of hobbyists. Some collect, some plant, others play games, many others build, and so on. This month you will meet two who build. The first is ROTARIAN RAYMOND B. YERG, of Belleville, New Jersey, who follows a centuries-old craft. Here he tells about it.

ONE DAY, about 20 years ago, I walked into a music shop and bought a violin made in the 18th Century by a French craftsman. I didn't know it then, but that simple act was the beginning of a hobby that has since filled my years with much pleasure and satisfaction, for as it happened I later grew dissatisfied with the instrument's tone and decided to try my own hand at making a violin. Today I have my own workshop for violin making, and out of it have come more than a dozen instruments.

If that description of the beginning of my hobby makes it seem that I had no trouble fashioning my first violin—let me set you straight! I'm in the printing business, a craft that familiarizes its followers with type faces, ink, paper, and engravings, but teaches one nothing at all about building a fiddle. So, to get started on the right track, I bought some books about violins, studied them for a year or more, and then began to put into practice what I had learned. At one time I abandoned the project, but my family goaded me on to complete the job. I did, and was later told by some professional makers that I had produced a good instrument.

With the stringing of my first instrument, I faced the challenge that for generations has spurred violin makers on to new efforts. It is the feeling that no violin is perfect and that a better one can always be produced. No doubt craftsmen in other fields feel somewhat the same way about their products, too, but there is this difference in violin making: there is no "standard" way to make a violin, and each maker is forever experimenting with the microscopic workmanship that goes into the making of this small, high-pitched instrument.

For example, there is the matter of the thickness of the wood for the front and back plates. Actual measurements do vary with different makers, but all of us know that the secret of tone is in the graduation of the wood, with the edges of the top and back pieces thinner than the center. The measurements I usually follow are these: the top plate four millimeters thick at the center and two millimeters at the edges, with the back plate being five millimeters at the center and two at the outside. This graduated-measurement principle was discovered by the famous violin maker

Antonio Stradivari in the 17th Century.

Another important—and variable—factor in the acoustics of the violin is the kind of wood used. My choices are spruce for the front plate, curly maple for the back. The best spruce for the violin maker, in my opinion, comes from the Swiss Alps, and the best maple comes from the Mediterranean countries, where extensive salt deposits give the timber a higher mineral content, and thus it is less spongy than other species. No wood is acceptable for violin making unless it is at least 50 years old, as the gums in younger woods change their consistency and thus warp the violin.

I don't intend to cover the entire building process in this story, but I do want to mention the varnishing operation, because it, too, has an influence on the tone of a violin. Believe it or not, the varnishing job takes about a year to complete, inasmuch as the type used is very thin and requires from 12 to 15 coats. Any varnish is good as long as it will not harden to the extent that it checks the vibration of the instrument, and provided it will last for 200 or 300 years and still retain its beauty.

As you might expect, the greatest moment comes to a violin maker when he is about to test the product of his efforts by putting bow to string. As I near the end of a job, I experience an excitement that is indescribable. If I were a horse bettor, I'd say the feeling is something like watching a 100-to-1 shot out in front in the homestretch. After a while my excitement gives way to timidity, and I actually hesitate to play the instrument. I usually sit around and pluck the strings for hours before I work up enough courage to put a bow to them. I guess I'm afraid of what might come out. But as all pulling must be tested, so must a violin

be played, and when the tone produced is what you had hoped all along it would be—why, it's just great!

Like most hobbyists, I enjoy talking about mine to appreciative listeners, and I've found many at meetings of Rotary Clubs I have addressed on the subject. Not long ago I talked to the Rotary Club of Verona, New Jersey, about the art of making violins, and many Rotarians there showed keen interest in it. It's an exacting job, but a rewarding one, and I know I'll always keep trying to make an instrument that comes nearer to my idea of perfection.

ANOTHER Rotarian hobbyist who builds is W. C. DAUMUELLER, of Lebanon, Illinois. His is an intricate kind of building that unites thousands of individual pieces of wood into a finished product with great eye appeal. How he does it he tells in the following story.

WHEN I was a lad about 8, I was given a small pocket knife that I treasured, and, like most boys of that age, I whittled just about everything that looked like wood, especially the softer kind. Soon I began cutting out rather intricate objects, such as puzzles, fans, and various little trinkets. As a whittler, I wasn't alone in my family, for my brother, CHARLES, four years older than I, showed early signs of whittling skill, and together we worked out quite a few wood novelties.

When CHARLES was about 15, he met a kindly old German fellow in our neighborhood who, after seeing some of our handiwork, asked him if he would be interested in learning the art of inlaying of wood. The old gentleman did not have to ask twice, and it wasn't more than a few weeks that brother CHARLES was told he had developed enough skill to master almost any inlay work without help. I, too, learned this method of ornamentation, and the two of us planned and designed many handsome pieces.

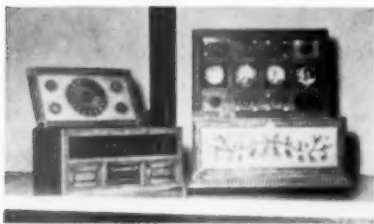
From my boyhood to this day I have done inlaying as a hobby and now I find it ideal for relaxing and forgetting the responsibilities of my work, which is the operation of a music and gift shop.

At his work bench, Rotarian Yerg measures the thickness of a violin's back plate with precision calipers. He's been making the instruments for about 20 years, and knows that the secret of tone is in the thickness of the aged wood. The value of a Yerg instrument has been placed by professionals at \$700.



It is an old art that has many forms, including mosaics, and its followers have worked with such varied materials as wood, metal, shell, ivory, stones, and compound substances. For readers unacquainted with the process, it is simply one of inserting one type of material into another that differs in color or composition.

One of the biggest inlay jobs CHARLES and I ever did had its beginning many years ago when my mother and brother visited relatives in Texas. For the hospitality shown them, CHARLES promised two girls of one of the Texas families an inlaid jewel case. The two of us worked about six hours a day on it for two



Made by Rotarian Daumueller and his brother, this jewel case consists of an inner and outer box. On each side of the inner box are the names of the ladies for whom the chest was originally made. On the outer box lid are pictures of them and the Daumuellers.

years, and then shipped it to the young ladies, who liked it very much but felt it was too much to accept as a permanent gift. They said it should be regarded as a family heirloom and we agreed, but told them to use it for as long as they cared to. They kept it for 25 years, and now it is back in our possession.

In the case, which consists of inner and outer boxes, there are 54,000 separate pieces of wood and several hundred segments of pearl cut into various designs. Dyed wood veneering imported from Europe was used to produce effective color combinations, though many pieces in the case have their natural hues, such as burl walnut, burl mahogany, white holly, and others. To cut the pieces, we made our own tools out of flat and round files, and to get exact sizes a hardwood gauge was made with a straight edge on one side and a butting piece crosswise at one end. All pieces in the jewel chest are glued with a well-strained glue free of all impurities. We worked in an unventilated room to keep the glue from drying too fast.

The inlaying of the pearls was a job requiring precision workmanship. First, small notches were cut in their sides, and then a recess was cut in the veneering the exact size of each pearl. Next, pulverized shellac was placed at the bottom of each wood opening, a pearl inserted into each recess, and then with paper and cloth placed on top of the pearl, a hot flat iron was applied to melt the shellac and cause it to flow into the notches of the pearls and hold them fast. The smoothing and sanding operations were done with sharp scrapers and fine sandpaper, and a final polishing given by applying a well-aged

French polish of white shellac and alcohol.

It's a process that takes a lot of time and patience, but when the end result is both durable and beautiful, it makes the hobby a truly rewarding one.

What's Your Hobby?

Is it spelunking? Or stone polishing? Or repairing old watches? Whatever it is, THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will be glad to list it here if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. His one request is that you acknowledge any correspondence that comes your way following the listing.

Stamps: Mrs. Evelyn W. Neal (daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange U.S.A. stamps for those of other countries), 1314 S. Belmont Ave., Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A.

Stamps: Donald Kengla (7-year-old grandson of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange with someone own age in another country), Box 683, Medford, Oreg., U.S.A.

Stamps: Harry Sandelin (21-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), Oulu, Aström, Finland.

Speech Recordings: Delbert B. Fisher (records speeches; will share tape-recorded Rotary speeches with anyone with tape recorder of 3.75" speed; includes inspirational, factual, humorous addresses), 643 Plum St., Vineland, N. J., U.S.A.

Stamps: Justin L. Bacharach (interested in stamps; wishes new correspondents in the Middle East, particularly in and around Egypt), 57 Allenwood Rd., Great Neck, N. Y., U.S.A.

Teacups and Saucers: Mrs. Frank Millard, (wife of Rotarian—collects teacups and saucers, especially from countries outside U.S.A.; will exchange), Box 150, Ely, Nev., U.S.A.

Stamps: A. L. Dean (son of Rotarian—interested in trading stamps with Rotarians outside U.S.A.), 1308 Nysaa Ave., McAllen, Tex., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Jane Andrews (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires correspondence with teenagers all over the world; interests include music, swimming, skating, collecting postcards), North English, Iowa, U.S.A.

Marla Newton (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls aged 15-18; interested in photography, matchbook covers, skating, all teen-age activities), 6 West View St., Auburn, Mass., U.S.A.

Richard Johnson (14½-year-old son of Rotarian—will welcome a pen pal about the same age in Eire or Northern Ireland; collects stamps), Resort Pike, Petoskey, Mich., U.S.A.

Joan Schumacher (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls from all parts of the world; collects stamps and advertising pencils), 2015 First Ave., Nebraska City, Nebr., U.S.A.

Sheritt Ann Seales (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like to have pen pals her own age outside U.S.A.; interests are swimming, tennis, sewing, reading, music), 410 N. Barnard, Howell, Mich., U.S.A.

William Lee Vaughan, III (10-year-old son of Rotarian—wants pen pals from all over the world; interested in all sports and model aircraft), 444 N. 16th St., Kansas City, Kans., U.S.A.

Barbara R. Deen (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like to correspond with boys and girls interested in collecting stamps, books, postcards), P. O. Box 37, Cebu City, The Philippines.

Linda Reelo (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants pen pals aged 14-16 in any part of the world who collect postcards), 114 Pampanga St., Manila, The Philippines.

Donald Bivens (16-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people interested in postcards, collecting travel folders, music, dancing), Route 5, Fulton, Ky., U.S.A.

Tellervo Huima (18-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen pals aged 18-24; interested in music, reading, films, swimming), Pitkäänsillankatu 24, Kokkola, Finland.

Joan Kalbfleisch (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals interested in stamps, piano, reading, bicycling), Box 416, Chesley, Ont., Canada.

Mary Beth Pennell (daughter of Rotarian—collects postcards and movie-star photos), 564 Randolph St., Pomona, Calif., U.S.A.

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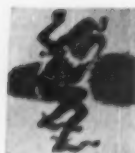
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Stripped GEARS



My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. Here is an "absolutely true" favorite of Walter Percival, a member of the Rotary Club of Hornsey, England.

London was being blitzed. From the ruins of a humble home the rescue squad pulled out a poor charwoman, fortunately uninjured though covered with dust and plaster. She was taken to a first-aid post, and while she drank a cup of tea she answered the routine questions.

"Was there anyone else in the house with you?" she was asked.

"No, not a soul."

"Where's your husband?" was the next question.

"That dirty coward!" came the quick reply. "He's at the front, safe and sound!"

On the Spot

*I used to think that middle age
Would make me witty, wise, and sage;
But now that I have reached the spot,
I'm not those things that I was not.*

—ANNIE LAURIE VON TUNELN

Quadruped Quizzer

Even if you have never ridden one, you may know quite a bit about horses. In the following groups, one word is in the wrong stall.

1. Palomino, sorrel, bay, raspberry.
2. Trot, pace, truck, canter.
3. Draft, race, hobby, walking.
4. Sprocket, withers, rump, fetlock.
5. Checkrein, gasket, girth, bit.
6. Mare, stallion, gelding, gosling.
7. Curcingle, surrey, sulkey, trap.
8. Pommel, stirrups, spoon, apron.
9. Polo, calico, Shetland, skye.
10. Sense, cotton, feathers, saw.

This quiz was submitted by Brown McKeown, of Memphis, Tennessee.

Global Coins

Can you find the coin hidden in each word defined here? Within the parentheses is the name of the country from which the coin comes.

1. Tart, acid (France).
2. Soft fabric of goat's wool (China).
3. Comfort in distress (Peru).
4. Settlement (Chile).
5. Office of value with no duties attached (France).
6. Emphasize (United States).

7. Harshness (Turkey).
8. Teach (Czechoslovakia).
9. Casual statement (Germany).
10. Elder (Japan).

This quiz was submitted by Dale E. Winship, of Bristol, Tennessee.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

Twice Told Tales

Some people's voices are hard to distinguish over the phone.—Tucsonian, TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Mother: "Isn't this a rather complicated toy for a small child?"

Clerk: "It's an educational toy, madam, designed to adjust a child to live in the world of today. Any way he puts it together, it's wrong."—The Mop, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

The minister returned the used car to the dealer, and was promptly asked, "What's the matter, Parson? Can't you run it?" And he got the sharp reply, "Not if I want to stay in the ministry."—Rotary Service, BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.

The circus strong man rode out on horseback to challenge a farmer whose

great strength had gained him a reputation. The circus man tied his horse in the farmyard and approached the farmer.

"Hey!" he called, "I've heard a lot about you, and I thought I'd see which is the better man."

Without answering, the farmer seized the intruder, hurled him bodily over the fence into the road, and returned to work.

When the loser had recovered his breath, the farmer growled, "Got anything else to say to me?"

"No," the circus man panted, "just throw me my horse."—Rotary Spoke, HICKORY, NORTH CAROLINA.

A Texan heard that a factory in Ohio was interested in buying bullfrog skins. He wired that he could supply any quantity up to 100,000 on demand. Needing the skins badly, the factory wired him to send the entire 100,000.

About ten days later a single dried frog skin arrived through the mail, with this notice: "Gents: I'm sorry about this, but here's all the frog skins there were. The noise sure fooled me."—The Hub, Lodi, Ohio.

The Bitter Half

*I lose my studs, misplace my clothes.
My tidy wife files slips and hose.
I bow before this neater gender.
She merely lost a right rear fender!*

—STUART MORGAN

Answers to Quizzes

REMARK: 10 SENIOR.
ROCKFORD 7 ASPENBURY, 8 EDUCATE, 9.
SOLACE 4 COLONY, 5 SHINE, 6.
GLOBAL COINS: 1 SOUT, 2 CASHMERE, 3.
7. Curcingle, 8. Spoon, 9. Skye, 10. Cotton.
3. Hubby, 4. Sprocket, 5. Gasket, 6. Gosling.
QUADRUPED QUIZZER: 1. Raspberry, 2. Truck

Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of a limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Mrs. Guy N. Goughnour, wife of a Corydon, Iowa, Rotarian. Closing date for last lines to complete it: January 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

ROPE? NOPE!

*A tightrope performer named Phil
Said, "My name should head the show bill.
I'll dispense with the rope—
That will do it, I hope."*

CLOCK-EYED

*Here again is the bobtailed limerick
presented in The Rotarian for July:
There is an employer named Baize
Who lectures to girls that he pays:
"Don't be clock-eyed, my dears,
As your coffee time nears."*

Here are the "ten best" last lines:
Just practice averting your gaze."

(Mrs. Kenneth D. Wood, wife of a Nelson, New Zealand, Rotarian.)

Just remember I'm set in my ways."

(Mrs. C. A. Dillon, wife of a Raleigh, North Carolina, Rotarian.)

Or Baize'll hold back on that raise."

(H. C. Hardwick, member of the Rotary Club of Oakville, Ontario, Canada.)

Remember that minutes make days."

(Mrs. Hal Ogil, wife of a Klamath Falls, Oregon, Rotarian.)

It won't bring you the ghost of a raise."

(Herbert St. John, member of the Rotary Club of Kerrville, Texas.)

Your raise may depend on that gaze."

(Mrs. Lindsey Simmons, wife of a Lewisburg, Tennessee, Rotarian.)

Or less I will pay for your days."

(Virginia Dolloff, daughter of an Everett, Washington, Rotarian.)

And he's off to the golf course and plays."

(Mrs. Ernest J. Kahn, wife of a Walpole, Massachusetts, Rotarian.)

For we'll bring it up to you on trays."

(Wayne Tansil, Jr., son of a Martin, Tennessee, Rotarian.)

And you'll earn both my praise and a raise."

(John W. Collins, member of the Rotary Club of Wellington, New Zealand.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA

Competition's Wonderful!

It's one reason we all have so many of the good things that make life worth living!

Johnny couldn't tell you whether Mary's friendlier smile, or her name on the sign, made him choose her lemonade. But he's glad he did! Because let's face it—we all like to have somebody try extra hard to win our good will.

In fact, when so many brand manufacturers compete for your favor, as they do every day in this land of ours—it makes you

feel pretty wonderful, doesn't it?

Their keen competition is the chief reason we can all choose today from the biggest line-up of top-quality brands of merchandise ever offered to a purchaser anywhere in the world! It explains why makers of brand-name products never stop trying to improve their brands to increase our satisfaction. And why they keep us up-

to-date about them in magazines like this.

Yes, today it is truer than ever before—when you name your brand, you better your brand of living!

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION

INCORPORATED

A Non-Profit

Educational Foundation

37 West 57 Street, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

*"Doggone
that's good!"*



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